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THE APPROACHES TO LITERATURE.

Literature is a coy maiden, not to be won by assertiveness or by violence. She well knows how to discriminate between her true and her pretended lovers, and can tell by instinct the difference between the one who woos her for her own sweet self and the one whose motives are interested. She bestows her favors with a sort of divine graciousness, and often upon outwardly unpromising aspirants, while turning an indifferent ear to suitors who have all the worldly advantages to offer. She will repel the advances of self-conscious and "important" persons, and go more than half way to meet and encourage the devotion of her shrinking worshippers. She will even seek these out, and win them for her declared following to their own surprise. And those whom her election singles out learn to taste of delights hitherto unimagined, and find life exalted to a dignity hitherto unconceived. Their sympathies are enlarged to the very limits of humanity; they enter into communion with the life of the race; they know in fullest measure the joy that art alone can give, and receive the key to the prison-house in which everyone is born, and which seeks to keep its inmates from enlargement by the heavy doors of convention and the stout walls of prejudice. When once the bolt is shot that has held them captive, they enter into their rightful inheritance of the open air and the liberal sunlight.

Abandoning this concatenation of metaphors, let us state as a plain fact, needing neither demonstration nor adornment, that literature is one of the chief solaces vouchsafed to man, and that he who is debarred from its ministry misses the best part of life. Surely its approaches should be made easy; and yet, such is human perversity, some of them are so devised as to prove only misleading by-ways, and others are deliberately made difficult by steep artificial declivities, or blocked by thorny obstructions set for that very purpose. The path of the collector is one of the misleading by-ways; another is membership in some society established for the study of this or that poet; still another is that into which ingenuous youth is lured by the analysts and statisticians who make an impudent pretence of studying literature by laboratory methods, and of explaining

it upon scientific principles. The bunkers and the hedges that discourage the approach to literature are the objects chiefly in view in the scholastic landscape. They are planned by the pedagogical expert with the skill of one who lays out a golf-course, or with the magic of the wizard who hides the sleeping beauty in her enchanted castle. We have frequently paid our respects to these methods and these obstructions as they exist in our most favored educational schemes, and expect to pay them many times more; what we would emphasize just now are the abstract propositions that literature is itself, not something else, and that its pursuit, by which we mean appreciation rather than performance, is not a task, but a joy. To put the matter in a nutshell, literature is to be read, not to be puzzled over and dissected.

Professor Brander Matthews has recently been discussing the approaches to literature, and offers the following suggestions:

"We can confine our attention, if we please, to a chosen few of the greatest writers, the men of an impregnable supremacy. We can neglect the minor writings even of these masters to centre our affections on their acknowledged masterpieces. We may turn aside from the authors individually, however mighty they may be, and from their several works, however impressive, to consider the successive movements which one after the other have changed the stream of literature, turning it into new channels and sweeping along almost every man of letters, powerless to withstand the current. We may perhaps prefer to abandon the biographical aspects of literature to investigate its biological aspects, and to study out the slow differentiation of the several literary species, history from the oration, for example, and the drama from the lyric. Or, finally, we may find interest in tracing the growth of those critical theories about literary art which have helped and which have hindered the free expansion of the author's genius at one time or at another."

This is good counsel, but not, after all, for the many. It smells too much of the lamp to be the best advice for readers who are not endowed with specialized literary aptitudes. Those who ponder it, or such writings as Ruskin's "King's Treasures" and Mr. Frederic Harrison's "The Choice of Books," may get from their effort a certain stimulus, but such counsels of perfection are more often productive of despair than of acceptance as working rules. We must, after all, reckon the course of study, the systematic scheme, the reasoned procedure, as hindrances rather than helps to the acquisition of literary taste and understanding. And a special note of warning is needed for those who think that they may properly approach literature by the way of literary history and criticism. These provide the pattern without the material for

the fabric, but if the fabric be skilfully woven — piecemeal perhaps, and put together bit by bit, like the sections of a puzzle-picture — the pattern will disclose itself in due time, and it may prove to be fairer than any that could have been designed in advance.

For the average human soul, the casual approaches to literature are probably the best, and even the wisest of guidance may fail in fitting itself to the individual need. Some guidance there is that is helpful, but in the proportion that its intent is concealed. The coaxing methods of the modern librarian are inspired by a deeper wisdom than the categorical imperatives of the schoolmaster. Taste is built up by a slow process of refinement, rising by imperceptible degrees to higher levels; no genuine literary liking deserves to be held up to scorn, but should rather be taken as the sign of infinite possibilities of development. It may be from so humble a beginning as the *feuilleton* of a sensational news-sheet that the man who learns to love literature shall measure his ascent. Or it may be from some random suggestion that the kindling spark has come, or from readings for entertainment in the home circle, or from informal conversations with one's fellows, and preferably not with superior persons. Best of all agencies for the fostering of the literary spirit is the old family library, with its opportunities for browsing, of which the child is made free from the time he learns to read. There need be little fear of contamination from this sort of license, for normal children have an amazing faculty for assimilating what is really nourishing, and for ignoring matters which their elders would find it embarrassing to have to explain. Why is it that children — real children and those of larger growth that we find in the ranks of the mechanic, the ploughman, and the sailor — so often find delight in Shakespeare and the Bible? One of the reasons, at least, is that they cheerfully skip what they fail to understand, and do not have their wits tangled up by any erudite apparatus of annotation and explanation. But get them into school, and apply to them these worrying implements of erudition, and see how quickly the glow will fade, and what good haters of literature they will become.

Borrowing once more from Professor Matthews, we would emphasize the fact that literature is not austere but friendly, not remote but intimate.

"It is not for holidays only and occasions of state; it is for everyday use. It is not for the wise and learned

only, but for all sorts and conditions of men. It provides the simple ballad and the casual folk-tale that live by word of mouth, generation after generation, on the lonely hillside; and it proffers also the soul-searching tragedy which grips the masses in the densely crowded city. It has its message for everyone, old and young, rich and poor, educated and ignorant; and it is supreme only as it succeeds in widening its invitation to include us all. At one time it brings words of cheer to the weak and the downhearted; and at another it stirs the strong like the blare of the bugle. It has as many aspects as the public has many minds. It is sometimes to be recovered only by diligent scholarship out of the dust of the ages, and it is sometimes to be discovered amid the fleeting words lavishly poured out in the books of the hour, in the magazines, and even in the daily journals." That of which such words may in simple truth be said must be among the choicest treasures of mankind. It behooves all of us who have found the way into the precincts of literature to help as many of our fellows as we may to share its joys, and above all to see to it that its approaches be not jealously guarded from the stranger. If we have found obstacles set in our own path, we must take care that they shall no longer exist to impede those who are to come after us. Like the quality of mercy, literature

"Blesseth him that gives and him that takes," and its possession makes us the richer when we help others to become also its possessors.

SOME FRENCH SINGERS OF THE OPEN-AIR.

I.

Summer is *icumea* in,
Lhude sing *cucuu*!

Ever since the thirteenth-century poet wrote his "Cuckoo Song"—and long before him, too—poets have hymned the seasons: singing the beauty of woods and fields in every weather, and the joys of the open road; declaring the pleasures of life among the flowers, in the shade of one's own fig-tree. Sometimes a rather remote picturesqueness has been all that appealed. Sometimes there has been a largely factitious painting of the pastoral life: and thus conventionalism has fastened upon this kind of verse. With Burns, who guided the plough as well as chanted it (though I suspect he found his way to a maiden's heart straighter than he drove the furrow), a new life stirred in nature-poetry. Burns exalted man for the manhood's sake, and showed how even the laborer—not the make-believe haymaker, but he who sweats at his work—might heave a sigh and lightly turn to thoughts of love as he drank ale at eventide. Wordsworth's verse, that looms so impressive in romantic poetry, smells to heaven, not so much of the soil it grew in, as of one Cumberland man's didactics. Tennyson well enough conceived the

poetry of the countryside, but his pictures in this genre (like his historical pieces) are almost too perfectly "composed." This is studio-work, and the notes taken afield have lost in the working-over. True, Tennyson can be photographic—as in his "Northern Farmer." The trick is to be *plein-airiste* and lyricist too; when is this poet both? To be a *plein-airiste* of verse, and worthy of the name, it is not enough to have an exquisite appreciation of natural detail. More is required than a knack of painting eyes.

"Darker than darkest pansies, and that hair
More black than ashbuds in the front of March."

The open-air painters pique themselves on rendering nature on the spot; Monet's pictures are executed on successive days, perhaps, but under the same atmospheric conditions; Sorolla's are generally put through at a single sitting. This is true impressionism. Yet we do not demand as much of our nature-poets as these nature-painters have demanded of themselves. What we do ask is an effect of spontaneity; and the making-believe that the verses made themselves—conditioned by one moment's joy or pain. We would know nothing of the poet's retouchings; an edition of his works in which variant readings are given—as in the recent Eversley Tennyson—is abhorrent to us in some moods. We hug a precious illusion. We want no chips from the workshop.

II.

The century that gave England William Barnes, who wrote that "increasing communication" and the popularization of board-schools has substituted "book English" for provincial dialects, and who for his own part used the *patois* of Dorsetshire ("not only a separate offspring from the Anglo-Saxon tongue, but purer and more regular than the dialect which is chosen for the national dialect"), gave France an even greater provincial poet in Frédéric Mistral. Only last year the poet celebrated his eightieth birthday; two years ago occurred the half-century of his "*Mirèio*"—the master-work that Lamartine dared to compare with the Homeric epics.* I have no wish to attempt here the reviewing of a poem that has inspired so much of praise and of controversy; a poem probably best known to Americans through the libretto of Gounod's half-forgotten opera. It is enough that Mistral succeeded in giving us a great poem, besides giving a wonderful impetus to the study of the troubadours' tongue, and to its use as a poetic medium.† Like Roumamille, his forerunner, Mis-

* "*Mirèio*" ("*Mireille*"), originally published in 1859, has been reprinted by the Librairie Charpentier, with a prose translation of the Provençal text facing the original (1908).

† See "*L'Anthologie du Félibrige*," being Selections from the Poets "of the *Rénaissance méridionale* of the 19th Century," with an introduction and notes by MM. Armand Praviel and J.-R. de Brousse, Paris (Nouvelle Librairie Nationale), 1909. ("*Le Félibrige* a pour but de conserver longtemps à la Provence sa langue, son caractère, sa liberté d'allure, son honneur national et sa hauteur d'intelligence.")

tral wrought for the illiterate folk of his own country; he could say in all sincerity, "Je ne chante que pour les pâtres et les gens des mas."

Yet he was executing, the while, the work of an indubitable poet, whose limitations were self-imposed. It is our misfortune that we have, in English, no adequate rendering of his verses. We can, all the same, judge in some degree of the vigor and wholesomeness and poetic temper of his work,—whether we read it stumbingly in the native Provençal, in the French prose translation made by Mistral himself, or in the English version contributed a good many years ago by Miss Harriet Preston. Something of the movement and the southern magic of its natural poetry survives the roughest handling. The people of Provence are right in erecting a statue to Mistral in his own lifetime; right in deeming him one of the great company of French Immortals never enthroned among the Forty. A spicy proverb—which enjoys a more restricted circulation in this the age of the press agent—would have it that "a good wine needs no bush." Mistral is a palmless poet—so far as the Academy is concerned; he does not join Academies, but he has founded them. His laurels are home-grown,—but he has his statue!

"Sing hey! sing ho! ye mulberry maids,
Prosper your reaping!
As golden bees, blown from afar,
Glean rosemary-honey,—
So swarm these trees
With maids not bees,—
Like the air, sunny!
So beautiful the silk-worms are
In their third sleeping,
Sing merrily, ye mulberry maids,—
Prosper your reaping!"

III.

Mistral's "Mirèio" was published an even fifty years ago: it is not thirty-five years since M. Jean Aicard published his Poems of Provence, in the language of his greater Fatherland.* Aicard too is a Provençal, and loyal to his province,—

"Vieille Gaule a l'esprit attique au cœur romain,
Souviens-t'en: la Provence est l'antique chemin
Par où la race hellène et latine à ta race
Apporta ses trésors de lumière et de grace,—"

but he dedicated his poems, not to Provence, not to the *gent di mas*, but to all France. Let us appreciate the importance of such a dedication. Here is a regionalist who seeks, not to resuscitate a stricken language, but to conserve something of its local tang; a poet using, too, the most sophisticated of all the tongues, ancient or modern. His poems are equally popular and Provençal in accent: yet they are indubitably French verse of a high order. Rather than praise the achievement, in our own poor words, let us listen to the poet speaking for himself. "When our peasants express themselves in French," he has written, "they translate the figures, the movement, even the turn, of words, and, if one may say so, the *flair* of the Provençal patois."

* "Poèmes de Provence; Les Cigales," par Jean Aicard. Paris (Flammarion), 1875.

I have tried to speak, in verse, a French that in the manner of their prose might let one divine the genius of the local idiom; happy if some of our provincialisms, débris of the dialect in dissolution, should seem worthy of enriching the French tongue."*

When the young poet of that time, the Académicien of to-day, was publishing his poems of the South-land, full of the singing of locusts and the murmur of the river Rhone, Brunetière, in an essay on "Poètes contemporains: la Poésie intime," was discussing the work of Paul Bourget, who had just written "La Vie Inquiète," and François Coppée—Coppée, whose seat in the Academy Aicard now holds, and Bourget, his "dear colleague." Brunetière lacked enthusiasm for Coppée's "Humbles," and its verses about the *tout petit épicière de Montrouge*:

"It was a retail grocer of Montrouge,
And his dark shop, with shutters painted red."

What a pity that, when he wrote his article upon contemporary poets, Brunetière had not yet read Aicard's poems of Provence, with a very different inspiration: although he, likewise, celebrated "Les Humbles!" Had Brunetière studied Aicard's work, there would be little need of anyone else attempting to evaluate it. But what comes near to reconciling us to this critical omission is the tribute of Sully-Prudhomme; who was something better than critic:

"Tu nous as rapporté de ton pays natal
Ce qui nous manque ici, l'air, le jour et la flamme;
Ton poème réchauffe et colore notre âme
Comme un reflet brûlant d'azur oriental."

Aicard's work reminds us of Flaubert's observation that the Orient commences at Marseilles. To-day, a generation after, the Academy has elected M. Aicard to its membership.

IV.

Essentially lyric in his verse, hardly less lyric in his novels, some of which have been lately translated into English,† there is no temptation for us to compare this younger singer with Homer, as Lamartine compared Mistral. And yet one may fairly compare Mistral the *Félibre* and Aicard, equally Provençal, perhaps, but more affected by his schooling and his long periods of residence at Paris. M. Aicard is content to render the beauty and mysticism of Provence in the French tongue. If Mistral's *Mirèio* is daintiness itself, and the lovmaking of *Mirèio* and Vincent is, essentially, as full of poetry as that of Meredith's Richard and Lucy, besides being raised upon the wings of verse, Aicard, too, has given us heroines of grace and captivity. We love his gentle Livette of "Le Roi de Camargue": Livette, or "Little Olive." We love the washer-maiden Miette, of the rhymed romance, "Miette et Noré." There is the same peacefulness and contentment reflected in these verses that we found in

* Preface to "Miette et Noré," Paris (Flammarion), 18—

† By Alfred Allinson: "The Illustrious Maurin," and the "Diverging Adventures of Maurin." New York: John Lane Co. 1910.

the lyrics and eclogues of the Dorset poet. One may turn one of the French couplets into English doggerel in this wise:

Man's made for the soil; and — mind it well! —
The happiest man's *Jacques bonhomme*.

Notwithstanding its undertone of melancholy, there is throughout Aicard's work unfailing joy in the face of nature. The Rousselian spirit of his novel "*L'Ame d'un Enfant*" does not find unique expression in his revolt against the repression and discipline of the *lycées*; it is more happily expressed in his faith in this same *Jacques*, and in his appreciation of all the beauty of outer nature. At school he was less attracted by the alphabet than by the tragicomedy of fly and spider. As poet he chants the Spanish broom and *immortelle*; Arles and the Alyscamps, "*pleins d'éclats de rire*"; the gleaners of Camargue, and the Branding (*la Ferrade*); the

"Vignes du Languedoc, oliviers des Alpes."

Maurice Barrès of "*Les Déracinés*" pleads no more eloquently the ties of the home-province:

"J'ai là, dans ma Provence, où les lauriers sont beaux,
Mon foyer, mon arpent du sol de la patrie,
Et je sens à ce nom ma pensée attendrie,
Car là j'ai des amis et là j'ai des tombeaux."

What matter if the poet lives, for the greater part of each year, among the mists and rains of Paris? Provence is still near enough to his spirit, —

"I'm there, though by my fire I do recline,
Relaxed, — glued to my chair, — watching the sparks;
Green woods — blue sea — the Southern Sky: all mine!"

It is a wild kind of justice that one renders M. Aicard in Englishing a few lines here, a few there, in this rough fashion. One should quote in the French at least one of the sonnets ("*Les Cigales*"), and verses like those occurring in the piece called, "*Returned by Sea*."

"Voyageurs! voyageurs! explorez la nature;
Tentez au bout des mers la pensée ou l'amour:
Tout départ vous promet une heureuse aventure,
Et ce bonheur fuyant n'est que dans le retour!"

"Il vous attend sous l'arbre, au seuil de votre porte,
Où vous avez, enfant, joué, souri, pleuré;
Sur la plage où chanta votre jeunesse morte,
Au pays où l'aïeul paisible est interré."

One would remember, too, "*Les Meyes*," and that exquisite little poem, "*La Fleurette*," —

"La grappe belle et mûre et virginale encore,
Que baissent seulement la rosée et l'aurore . . ."

But it is impossible to quote more here. We can only very remotely suggest the nature of the subjects; we must let the treatment of those subjects and sentiments — so exquisite and so classical in feeling — speak for itself. Sincerity is breathed in every line to which M. Aicard has signed his name. It may be said of the rather recently elected Academician, as it was said of the Dorset poet beyond the Channel, that his verses "seldom exhibit a striking thought, or perhaps even a very original expression." The fact remains that Aicard is the poet of Provence who has done most to give his province a place in modern French literature. He

is, too, the poet of children and of mothers; the last, as M. Calvet has written in his sympathetic study, "of the great idealistic poets."* And Aicard himself has written that the ideal is not *ce qui n'est pas* (in Maupassant's phrase), but *the truth of tomorrow*: "*le vrai de demain*."

V.

If names of English and French writers — poets of Dorsetshire and troubadours of Twentieth-century Provence — are mingled in this summer *causerie* pell-mell, I offer no apologies. They are all of them open-air poets — nor is that all. I have associated them carelessly, but not without motive. I try to match Barnes's loyalty to Dorsetshire with Mistral's intensive patriotism; I almost wish that Aicard's work may suggest analogies — which are not to be strained, however — with Tennyson's. Most of all have I hoped that the reader might be led into making certain admissions regarding the possibilities of French lyricism.

It is a truism that English taste has been narrowly insular whenever it has not been servilely Gallophile. In the eighteenth century Gray might sigh for an eternity of romances by Marivaux and Crébillon *filz*, "*On a Sofa*," — but Wesley's utter scorn for the "*Henriade*," and even for "*Telemachus*," or Dr. Johnson's aspersions upon Jean-Jacques Rousseau, were sentiments far more characteristically national. The French have ever set up the appreciation of Racine as the touchstone of poetic taste; yet what a mess English writers have always made of it in venturing to discuss Racine! They have conceded, not tasted, the intellectual and rhetorical qualities of his tragic poetry; they have, in general, wholly missed the psychology of woman that is Racine's, — his mastery of passion values. We are, *nous autres Anglais*, singularly grudging and inept in our criticism of French verse. We do not, however, invariably understand all we commentate; and all too seldom do we enjoy what we do partially understand. It is a truism, I have said, that English taste has been narrowly insular whenever it has not been Gallomaniacal, — but must the same be said of American taste?

I for my own part have at least expressed my vigorous dissent from any judgment denying to French verse warmth, the love of nature, or an appreciation of the "little people's" ways of life and humbler joys. I conceive that it is time for us Anglo-Saxons to abandon one of our pet prejudices: our prejudice against French poetry, that we condemn unheard. Poe had a Baudelaire; Wordsworth engaged Sainte-Beuve (though the poet-critic never went far in his renderings of the *Lakists*); even Walt Whitman has found a sympathetic translator and biographer;† but the French poets are

* "*La Poésie de Jean Aicard: Portrait Littéraire et Choix de Poèmes*." Par J. Calvet. Paris: (A Hatier), 1909.

† See "*Les Feuilles d'Herbe de Walt Whitman, Traduction intégrale de Léon Bazalgette*," Paris (Mercure de France), 1908.

left by us untranslated — or are translated by our veriest hacks. This would not greatly matter if we did not, apparently, base our judgments of French verse either upon our miserable translations or upon our own private mis-readings of the texts. We do not even know many of the humbler but well-loved poets whose work expresses the sanity of life that is no less French than those more showy characteristics that we imagine French.*

It is not with French verse as a whole that we are occupied to-day, however: only with some of the French poets who are, like some of the English poets, singers of the out-of-doors. The odds have never favored poets of peasantry. If, like Robert Bloomfield or George Crabbe, they are strict literalists, they are told, number one, that he attains nothing higher than "truthfulness of description"; number two, that he writes charming tales, but long ones. Renan has said that men have no right to paint a dung-heap unless roses grow out of that rich accumulation. If poets take warning, if they profit by Renan's dictum and gather rosebuds while they may (and where), then they are told that their "grand air" belongs to the capital, not to the country-side. Ik Marvel complained of the Watelet-effects attained by the French ruralists. Such a criticism applies to eighteenth-century Delille, but not to the poets named in this essay. Some new accusation must be brought against these Provençaux; these singers of the *langue d'oc*; these Aicards and Mistralis.

Let me confess that, as a country-lover, and a lover of their own country, I can draw up but one bill against them. And though that is serious enough, it is not, I suspect, unanswerable. I would complain only that they have kept me indoors overlong, reading their verses, when I might have been out in their fields and woodlands, walking under their glowing skies and sunning on their beaches.

WARREN BARTON BLAKE.

CASUAL COMMENT.

SOME REMINISCENCES OF COLONEL HIGGINSON, as he appeared to his old friend and fellow-abolitionist, Mr. Frank B. Sanborn, appeared in the Boston "Transcript" the day after the veteran author's death. "It must be now more than sixty-two years ago," writes Mr. Sanborn, "that I first saw and heard Rev. T. W. Higginson, as he was then styled in the registers of the clergy. . . . As I well remember, he preached in white trousers, which in 1846 was an innovation on the traditional black garb that Emerson had given up ten years earlier, but to which Theodore Parker adhered all his clerical life — for the reason, as he told me, that he chose to conform in that outward matter, since

he must dissent in so much that was inward and spiritual. But innovation was a second nature to young Higginson, as it continued to be through most of his active life. . . . At the Anthony Burns rendition in May, 1854 — or, rather, the morning after the attack on the Boston Court House in Court Square, which preceded the rendition — I saw Mr. Higginson with his throat muffled, from a wound received the night before, while leading the assault on what Richard Dana, who was the counsel of the poor slave, called 'the Boston Barracoön.' In the Kansas emigration and Sharp's rifle movement of the next few years we became active on committees, and this led in 1857 to an acquaintance with John Brown, the Kansas hero, whose good cause we both supported, until the whole North took it up in the second year of the Civil War." Mr. Sanborn recalls his friend's early and long-continued connection, as contributor, with "The Atlantic Monthly," for which he wrote more or less frequently during half a century or longer. His military service, though interrupted by illness, "added to his equipment for an all-round literary life, the part which he chiefly and excellently filled. Few Americans have written on more themes, with a better preparation, or a more comprehensive, exact (and exacting) method."

THE GRIND AND THE GENIUS ought to be united in the same person if there is any truth in the definition of genius as an infinite capacity for taking pains. But men generally like to believe that the genius, whether poet or painter or inventor, is born and not made by any amount of drudgery or self-discipline. A ray of light, feeble enough, perhaps, seems to be thrown on the question by an investigation conducted by the "Cornell Era," which shows that out of one hundred and seventy Cornell alumni of success and prominence, one hundred and one were known as grinds in their college days, while sixty-nine were of the gayer, more socially prominent, or athletically eminent sort. It is significant that sixty-seven of the one hundred and one have achieved success as educators. Perhaps there is nothing that the thorough grind takes to so naturally, after he has ground his way to a *summa cum laude* diploma, as the perpetuation of his kind. Only thirteen authors and ten journalists are noted among the distinguished hundred and one, and so there is little in these results to weaken our conviction that creative literary artists are not producible at will by any sort of educational training. By a happy coincidence, President Schurman has just issued a statement of the comparative scholarship of fraternity men and non-fraternity men as ascertained by an examination of the records of students dropped by Cornell at mid-year because of inferior scholarship. The non-fraternity men, who in general may be reckoned the grinds, lost only one and one-tenth per cent of their whole number in this weeding-out of the unfit, while the society men lost three and eight-tenths per cent. On the whole it seems wiser and

* See the first chapter in Miss M. Betham-Edwards's "French Men, Women and Books," just published by A. C. McClurg & Co. (Chicago).

safer for the average student to grind than to loaf and play; but by no process of grind can he make sure of a niche in the Hall of Fame, or even of a ten-line paragraph in "Who's Who."

SOME SPECIMENS OF GRAVE-YARD POETRY that meet the eyes of visitors to the Springfield (Mass.) cemetery immortalized in J. G. Holland's historical novel, "The Bay Path," tempt one to indulge in a little quotation. The present cemetery, it is true, cannot boast the antiquity of the old one desecrated by the invasion of the railway; but to it were removed in 1848 the mortal remains and the headstones that had occupied the ancient burying-ground. A diligent hand has transcribed the more curious of the epitaphs, among which a few may interest our readers. The following is noteworthy as being found, with occasional variations, in other cemeteries besides that at Springfield, where it was inscribed in 1785 on the head-stone of one Joseph Ashley. With a slight change it occurs again in the same cemetery.

"Reader, behold as you pass by.
As you are now, so once was I:
As I am now, so you must be.
Prepare for deth and follow me."

To more than one irreverent reader of this inscription must have come the impulse to reply:

"To follow you I've no intent
Until I know which way you went."

Here is a couplet, simple and touching, though defective in rhyme unless we are to conclude that the pronunciation of 1782 made the defect non-existent to the Springfielders of that day:

"Pereis alas is gone
And left her friends to moan."

On the stone of Mary Pyncheon, who died in 1657, may be read the following quaint though limping lines:

"She yt lyes here was while shee stood
A very glory of womanhood.
Even here was sowne most pretious dust
Which surely shall rise with the just."

To the lover of elegiac verse what printed book of poetry can compare with an ancient burying-ground? Pathos and humor, so notably akin, meet and blend there, if anywhere, however unintentional the humor, and however heartrending the grief of the elegiac poet himself.

THE GREATEST LIBRARY EVENT in library history, measured by material standards, was the opening in New York, last week, of the splendid building that has cost more than ten million dollars, that contains literary and art treasures worth several millions more, and that occupies a site valued at about twenty millions. Full reports of the dedicatory exercises of May 23 have appeared in the local press, and more or less abbreviated accounts have found their way into many other journals throughout the land. On the day following the dedication the library opened its doors to the reading public, and its one million and more volumes became avail-

able for use after five months spent in transferring them from the Astor and Lenox buildings. That the moving did not take more time must be attributed to the admirable system whereby each book's destined location was accurately determined in advance. The transfer of the vast library had, of course, to be mentally accomplished before its material execution began, and the skill and judgment shown in the arrangement of so many volumes with reference to their probable frequency of demand may well stir one's admiration. From the first embryonic outline of the new building, drawn years ago by Dr. Billings on a postal card, there has developed the present magnificent structure, the most elaborately and carefully planned, and expected to prove the most satisfactory, as it is the most modern, library building in the world.

THE CHARM OF OXFORD fades not with age, but notably increases. Something of the atmosphere of the ancient university makes itself pleasantly felt in a descriptive and reminiscent article, "The Flavor of Life at Oxford," in the June "Century Magazine," from the pen of Mr. Tertius Van Dyke, a recently graduated Rhodes scholar, we infer. Phases of university life and types of character are briefly but effectively presented. Here is a familiar scene: "Every afternoon the streets of Oxford swarm with bareheaded undergraduates in 'shorts' or 'flannels,' bicycling to their various college athletic fields. Several hours later you will see them returning splashed with mud and eager for a bath and the inevitable cup of tea." The American student at Oxford must be churlish indeed, thinks Mr. Van Dyke, not to be irresistibly attracted toward his English cousin; but nevertheless "disagreeable men are here as well as elsewhere, and of snobbish men more than a fair proportion," who have been known to commit the rudeness of gorgonizing the free and independent American with a stony British stare. To the graduate of one of our colleges, concludes the writer, "Oxford offers innumerable benefits. It is an enlightening and inspiring experience to dwell within the walls of this most ancient of all English universities, nor need you return any the less a true American because of your admiration for England and the Englishmen." Mr. Fred Pegram has well illustrated the article with sundry scenes from Oxford student life.

A REFORM IN TRAVELLING-LIBRARY METHODS has been lately either instituted or taken under consideration by the more progressive managers of such libraries. As long ago, indeed, as 1907 the New Jersey Public Library Commission changed from the old system of sending out irrevocably fixed groups of books, in orderly rotation, to designated depositaries, regardless of the tastes and desires of the readers. Intelligent selection and the invitation of requests from those to whom the books were to go could not but produce gratifying results. In Kansas, more recently, as set forth in the sixth biennial report

of the commission for travelling libraries, foreordination absolute has given place to a more flexible scheme in the circulation of these movable collections of literature. "This system," says the secretary of the commission, "involves vastly more labor than the unit or fixed-group plan in use in many states. Then, too, under the fixed-group plan, a most desirable selection of books may be placed in every library. But . . . books selected for general use will not be read as are the books selected by the readers themselves." Thus it is getting itself pretty well understood that the library, like the Sabbath, was made for man, not man for the library.

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DISTINCTIVE FEATURES OF THE THIRTEENTH CENSUS are outlined in a communication from the Bureau. Preliminary bulletins will, as usual, be published; but these will in some instances vary in character according to the section or State to which they are to go. "The most interesting feature of this scheme," we are informed, "is the plan to combine, in one volume for each state, all the bulletins for the United States on general topics, and the bulletins of a state in a State Compendium. By far the greater number of inquirers as to census figures have heretofore found practically all the information they desired in the Abstract of the census. The proposed plan will give them this information in the State Compendium, together with special information regarding the state and county, or city, in which they live. The State Compendium might therefore be described as a state edition of the Census Abstract. . . . The final reports will be issued in smaller editions than heretofore, and, being mainly for general reference purposes, preference will be given to their distribution to libraries and institutions of learning." The new plan seems likely to achieve certain desirable ends in the way of economy and brevity and adaptation to local or special requirements, in a manner not hitherto attempted by our ponderous decennial census report.

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THE HEAD-LINER'S ART is of comparatively recent development. A hundred years ago, or even fifty, no one thought of trying to pack the gist of a newspaper article, and still less of a book, into three or four attention-compelling words. A book's title could meander all the way down the title-page, in varied assortments of type, and news headings had a leisurely, go-as-you-please appearance that would never be allowed in this day and generation. Now the head-line must be so skilfully wrought as not to fail of a startling or an astonishing or a puzzling or a terrifying effect. "Glad Rags for Masculinity" would have been an inconceivable heading, half a century ago, for a newspaper report of a movement in favor of a more variegated male costume than that sanctioned by convention. Yet that very head-line confronts one to-day in a sober and reputable Boston journal. At the same time

we cull from one of Baltimore's most authoritative daily papers the following: "Now It's Jagless Beer." This is to introduce an account of a de-alcoholized malt liquor, a lager that cheers but not inebriates. Another issue of the same excellent journal combines pithy brevity with faultless rhyme in its heading for the sad story of an unsuccessful traveling salesman of St. Louis who hanged himself in order that his wife and children might receive the insurance on his life. "Took Life to Aid Wife" neatly sums up the whole melancholy occurrence. But it is in base-ball headings that the head-line artist surpasses himself. "Bisons Take Another" informs the initiated that the Buffalo team has scored a fresh victory; and "Orioles Fly North" is not an ornithological announcement, but apprises the sporting world that the Baltimore nine is on tour in a cooler clime. The successful head-liner of to-day must be able to say more, and to say it more vehemently, in three words than his eighteenth-century predecessor could in three hundred.

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A FORTHCOMING MEMOIR OF COLONEL HIGGINSON, for publication in the Proceedings of the Massachusetts Historical Society will have for its competent author Professor Edward Channing, who was united to the late poet, historian, and essayist by ties both of affinity and of literary collaboration. Higginson's first wife was Mary Channing, sister of the poet Ellery Channing; and it was with this Professor Channing of a later generation that he prepared his recent textbook of English history for American readers. This collaboration was significant and characteristic. Thomas Wentworth Higginson, founder in his vigorous old age, with Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, of the Boston Authors' Club, was never too old to fraternize with youth. Hence the fitness of this selection of so comparatively young a man as Professor Channing to pay tribute to his memory in the records of the Massachusetts Historical Society. Nor will it, we hope and believe, be a mere formal eulogy that, in the course of time, is to come from his experienced pen.

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BOOK THIEVES BEFORE THE CHILDREN'S COURT in Brooklyn have apparently been brought to a sense of their wrong-doing in disregarding the function of the charging desk at the public library. The superintendent of the juvenile department at the Brooklyn Public Library writes, in the current report of that well-administered institution: "A few examples will, it is believed, clear the air in a way to deter children who, rather from the spirit of adventure than from coveting the books for themselves, form the habit of stealing and of thinking lightly of the wrong. We feel it an obligation upon us as a public institution thus to help train the children in civic righteousness, even though the actual book loss may not cripple our work." The open-shelf problem might, in the course of a generation,

lose something of its perplexity if every public library were to adopt some means whereby its juvenile patrons should become well-grounded in civic righteousness before passing into the larger liberties of the adult department.

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THE GROWTH OF THE POE MEMORIAL FUND for the erection of a monument to that author in Baltimore has been of a gratifying, even if not a startling, nature during the past twelve months. From a published statement of the Edgar Allan Poe Memorial Association, we learn that various schools, clubs, and dramatic associations, in and around Baltimore, have raised and sent in, since May, 1910, the creditable sum of five hundred and twenty-seven dollars. Possibly some of Poe's admirers outside of Maryland may feel prompted, on reading this note, to contribute toward the commemoration of a too little recognized genius. His recent admission to the Hall of Fame, though tardy, encourages one to hope that, after all, he will in time come into full possession of his own. The treasurer of the Poe Memorial Association is Mr. George C. Morrison, of the Baltimore Trust Co.

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THE HIGGINSON ROOM IN THE CAMBRIDGE PUBLIC LIBRARY will be visited with keener interest and by more persons at this time than ever before. In that room are gathered letters and manuscripts from the pens of such celebrities as Washington, Emerson, Longfellow, and Lowell, many of them the gift of Colonel Higginson to the library of his native town. The card-catalogue, however, contains a more eloquent testimonial to the deceased author than any room or museum honored with his name. This mute memorial confronts the opener of the "H" drawer, in the thumbed and frayed and soiled condition of the cards bearing the titles of Higginson's writings; and the books themselves are said to be no less thumbed and worn and dog-eared than the cards, with the addition of frequent marginal comments of an emphatically commendatory character. Surely, far more gratifying than to be able to leave foot-prints on the shifting sands of time is it to cause the thumb-prints of others to be left on one's own permanent additions to the literature of one's country.

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THE RESIGNATION OF AMHERST'S LIBRARIAN, accepted with reluctance by the Amherst trustees, comes as a surprise and causes deep regret to all who have enjoyed, are now enjoying, or hoped to enjoy, the benefit of his ready and invaluable assistance in literary research at the important post he has held for twenty-three years. Born at Burlington, Vermont, in 1844, Mr. Fletcher served his country in the Civil War before adopting the peaceful profession of librarianship. He was associated with Dr. William F. Poole in charge of the Boston

Athenæum for five years, an association afterward continued in the indispensable periodical Index known by the elder editor's name. Three librarianships in Connecticut towns preceded Mr. Fletcher's call to the important position at Amherst College from which he now retires. His son and assistant, Mr. Robert S. Fletcher, Amherst '97, will be his successor.

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FOR LIGHT SUMMER READING, or summer light reading, if you prefer, nothing seems to be making such a hit (if one may judge by the persistent advertisements) as the new "Encyclopædia Britannica," printed on that marvellously thin and at the same time opaque and tough India paper, with flexible leather binding and quantities of illustrations. The popular magazines are hopelessly out-distanced by these attractive, handy, back-bendable, less-than-one-inch-thick volumes. "The only book I am taking with me on a three months' vacation is the Eleventh Edition of The Encyclopædia Britannica," is a specimen commendatory letter "from a physician and author" to the publishers. Whether for light summer or heavy winter reading, or for medium-weight spring and fall literature, one could easily make a worse choice than the new "Britannica."

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A NEW LIBRARY BUILDING FOR THE GRAY HERBARIUM at Harvard is now assured by the gift of twenty-five thousand dollars from an anonymous benefactor. The structure will be fire-proof and otherwise adapted to the proper housing of what is accounted the best collection of botanical literature in the country. Indicative of the prominence of botany among the natural sciences is the size of this collection,—about twenty thousand volumes. Thus are the signs multiplying in the library world, that the warning of the Albany fire has not gone unheeded. What was New York's loss, in the damage done to its State Library, is proving to be others' gain, in a general awakening to the risks involved in the inadequate housing of valuable libraries.

THE LIBRARIANS' CONFERENCE AT PASADENA.

(Special Correspondence of THE DIAL.)

"Not the biggest but the best," expresses the verdict of the American librarians on the Pasadena meeting of their Association. It was not only in the work accomplished and the practical benefits gained, but also in the keen enjoyment of the occasion, and in the fine spirit of mutual helpfulness and cordial coöperation that prevailed, that the conference was felt to be distinctive and memorable among the thirty-three annual meetings of the Association. Perfect weather continued throughout the conference week, and the charm of Pasadena at its best was felt and appreciated by all. The entertainments that were provided for visitors,—including

agreeable social affairs, automobile rides through orange-groves and neighboring foot-hills, a trip by special train to Riverside, an ocean voyage to Catalina Island, and trolley trips along the ocean beaches, — were new experiences to many and were heartily enjoyed. The attractive and well-equipped "Maryland" hotel, with its cheerful interior and spacious and secluded grounds, made admirable headquarters for the Association and pleasant homes for many of the members; and the pretty Shakespeare Club-house, a short distance away, afforded an adequate and cheerful auditorium which was usually well filled with eager listeners to addresses and discussions.

"Books for all the people" is the key-note to what was probably the most absorbing subject before the Convention, certainly the one of greatest interest to the general public. This comparatively new institution might be described as a sort of library extension service, whereby library privileges, usually limited to the inhabitants of cities and towns where libraries are situated, are to be extended to the people everywhere, — in the small village, the remote hamlet, the farm, even the mining-camp. It is a sort of "Rural Free Delivery" of books, making them a vital factor in our educational system, and bringing the public library and the public school into closer relations and more useful service. Wherever free schools exist, facilities are to be provided for the free use of the books of the public libraries. The conception is a fine one; and while it has been developing for years, and has been carried into successful execution in some regions, it has received its greatest impetus at this Convention, where results already known and practical means proposed were fully and profitably discussed. The preferred plan for the work seems to be the establishing of a system of free county libraries, a system which has been made the subject of extensive experiment and study in California, where a new and, on the whole, excellent "County Free Library Law" was enacted and went into effect only a few months ago. This act gives boards of county supervisors "power to establish and maintain, within their respective counties, county free libraries," and prescribes the manner in which they shall be sustained and administered. An important feature of the new system is that it brings all the county libraries into correlation with the State library, and makes the resources of the latter available to all the people of the State, many of whom are now without library advantages of any kind.

Next to the topic just considered, the one that seemed to call out the liveliest interest was the relation of the public library to the municipal civil service, and incidentally the necessity of "keeping the public library out of politics" — a matter on which the head librarians feel somewhat keenly, and in which some of them have had some rather trying experiences. An instructive paper on "Municipal Civil Service as affecting libraries" was read by Mr. J. T. Jennings, of the Seattle Public Library, and was followed by a spirited discussion which left no doubt of the belief of most of the librarians that municipal civil service hampers rather than helps a library. So long as a librarian is made responsible for the management of his library, he, it was urged, should be allowed to judge of the efficiency and value of his library staff. Such seemed to be the general consensus of opinion at the meeting, although there were a few dissenting voices. None, however,

were heard as to the desirability of keeping library administration free from the taint of political influences.

The proceedings of this meeting give one a vivid conception of the extraordinary range of activities and interests in a librarian's life. The topics covered a wide ground — from such technical matters as the qualities of printing papers and the strength of leather fibres used in bindings, to the details of library methods of accounting, problems of library architecture, methods of selecting books for library use, matters of library administration and economy, and the means of promoting the library's usefulness to the community and making it more intimately related to the public educational system. The discussion of these and many other matters of practical concern to all library workers, and the free interchange of views and experiences, could hardly fail to be of much benefit to all. These gatherings have become a great national clearing-house for ideas and knowledge coming from the brightest minds and ripest experience in the library profession.

Besides the two leading topics already noted, many important subjects were treated in carefully considered papers and addresses, — among them being the address of President Weyer on "What the Community Owes to the Library"; that on "Library Censorship of Books," by Mr. Willard H. Wright; "Exploitation of the Public Library," by Mr. A. E. Bostwick; on "Problems of Book-Selection for Libraries," by the editor of *THE DIAL*; on "Children's Rooms in Libraries," by Mr. H. E. Legler; on "Library Extension," by Mr. M. S. Dudgeon, Miss Harriet G. Eddy, and others; on "The Desirability of Closer Relations between the Public Library and the Public Schools," by Mr. A. H. Chamberlain; on "Materials and Methods in Book-binding," by Mr. Cedric Chivers; and on "The Use and Meaning of Books," by Dr. Benjamin Ide Wheeler and Dr. J. A. B. Scherer. There were also innumerable special sections and meetings at which papers were read and discussed, and important business was transacted.

The closing day of the meeting (May 24) was given up to what was called a "California programme," with addresses by Governor Johnson, Mr. Lincoln Steffens, and Mr. George Wharton James. Some of these addresses, it may be said, showed a somewhat tactless misconception of the occasion and its needs. The Governor of the State, who so recently signed the act providing for county library systems in California, missed his chance of saying some appropriate words on a matter so important and interesting to librarians, and gave them instead an energetic but inopportune political harangue; while another speaker is reported to have said, "If you want good government, don't let the women vote" — a singular exhortation to be addressed to an audience composed largely of women, most of them self-supporting workers in libraries, and some of them entrusted with the management of large libraries and numerous employees, some of whom are men who vote. If the Convention had any answer to this rather ill-timed example of infelicitous expression, it had already been given in the election of a woman — Mrs. H. L. Elmendorf — to the Presidency of the American Library Association. This event, and the development of the "library extension movement" that seems likely to result from the impetus given it at this meeting, would alone be sufficient to make the Pasadena Conference a memorable one.

Pasadena, Cal., May 25, 1911.

COMMUNICATIONS.

LOWELL AND THE RUSSIAN MISSION.

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

When the letters of James Russell Lowell, edited by Charles Eliot Norton, were published in 1894, I was much surprised to note that though letters telling of Mr. Lowell's refusal "to run for Congress" in 1876, and of his appointment by President Hayes to Madrid in 1877, were printed, there were none to show that his political importance had had an earlier recognition, and that in 1874 he had been offered the Russian Mission by President Grant, and had refused it. I wrote Mr. Norton asking the reason for this omission, and stating that I had in my possession a note from Mr. Lowell on the subject. Of this note, and of Mr. Norton's answer to me, I send you photographic copies, so that there may be no mistake in their publication.

Elmwood, 24th Nov'r, 1874.

Dear Mr. James,—

That was the reason, though I should as soon think of going to Ursa Major as to him of Russia. But the place had just been offered me & I was bound in courtesy to ask a few days for consideration—during which I could call myself an excellency. But my country is not to lose me at present.

Very truly yours

J. R. Lowell.

Shady Hill, Cambridge.

13 April, 1894.

My dear Mr. James,—

I thank you for your kind letter in regard to the offer of the Russian mission to Mr. Lowell. I was aware of the fact, but I am glad to add your statement to the other material respecting Mr. Lowell's life already in my hands.

I am,

Sincerely yours,

C. E. Norton.

After the receipt of Mr. Norton's note I had no further communication with him. As long as he lived I hoped he would make unnecessary any reference on my part to this matter. I knew that after the publication of the Lowell Letters he denied having had the missing and much-looked-for Spanish letters; but these he afterwards found, as he said, and proposed to have them published in a separate volume. He refused permission to an eminent Spanish gentleman for the printing of letters from Mr. Lowell to the gentleman's mother, who was a close friend of Mr. Lowell's and one to whom he felt strong obligation. These letters, I am told, may soon be published, and, I hope, the Spanish letters also.

GEORGE ABBOT JAMES.

Nahant, Mass., May 20, 1911.

ANGLO-AMERICAN COPYRIGHT.

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

In your department of "Casual Comment," on page 339 of your issue of May 1, you speak of the Anglo-American copyright agreement as if it were an equal benefit to Great Britain and the United States. Authors

and others in this country who are interested in the question of copyright regard the agreement as extremely unjust to British authors, printers, and publishers, who can only obtain copyright by having a book printed and published in the United States, while American authors can obtain copyright here without any such restriction. I, for one among many here, am very sorry that Great Britain ever entered into so inequitable an agreement, and am in favor of its being put an end to. If the United States will not enter into a just arrangement, let us abolish all copyright relations with them, and return to the old days of literary piracy in both countries. American authors have so increased in numbers of late years, and are now so much read here, that they would be sure to cry out, and the result might well be that a just agreement would be entered into between the two countries.

LAVIN HILL, C. B.

Bromley, Kent, England, May 10, 1911.

[We have re-read our editorial paragraph referred to, but fail to find therein anything to justify the statement in our correspondent's opening sentence. As a matter of fact, THE DIAL has at all times protested against the vicious manufacturing clause and other restrictions in our copyright laws which give this country its present unenviable position in the matter of international copyright. Only a short time ago, in commenting on the pending English copyright bill, we said: "The proposed English law would apply to citizens or residents of the kingdom or empire, and to citizens of states in copyright relations with Great Britain. It would be for the Crown to ascertain whether this country, under its statute of 1909, is granting such copyright protection to British subjects as to entitle it to claim the protection of the proposed law for its own citizens. Not unnaturally or unjustly would our manufacturing requirements and other petty restrictions be considered as barring us from the copyright privileges extended to other nations. Deplorable and humiliating is it that this country, because of its absurd copyright laws, should be the only civilized nation excluded from the benefits to accrue from the deliberations, now in progress, of the Berne Convention in its attempts to harmonize and systematize the copyright requirements of the literary world."—EDITOR.]

"A HUNDRED YEARS TO COME."

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

I do not know that it adds anything to your rescue of the poem, "A Hundred Years to Come," for its true author; but I have in hand proof that it appeared in the "Sabbath School Bell," compiled by Horace Waters, set to music by J. R. Osgood. This song-book was printed in Cleveland, Ohio, at 191 Superior St., by O. H. Ingham and Bragg,—and "entered" 1859 in the Southern District of New York. The poem is here attributed to "W. C. Brown." The "C." is doubtless an error of print.

S. T. KIDDER.

McGregor, Iowa, May 20, 1911.

The New Books.

THE NEW STEVENSON LETTERS.*

The position of Stevenson the writer has been determined by the public, if not by the critics. His work has been properly assigned to its place among the lesser classics. The position of Stevenson the man is more ambiguous. As Henley feared, his rich and glowing personality has been sunk (by the public) in the Moral Optimist. Everywhere one finds broadsides, calendars, and post-cards bearing quotations from his smiling philosophy, as Hood called it before Stevenson was born, and the selection is nine times out of ten from his more platitudinous and less characteristic utterances. The "canary bird," as he called himself when in this humor, pipes in a thousand American homes. The advertisement of the business boomer is clinched by a Stevenson quotation; and it is impossible to be comfortably depressed in most houses because of the Vailima placards on the walls. No wonder that Henley complained that they were trying to make a saint of his "Lewis."

Nevertheless, there is a kind of false truth and a working through error to appreciation in this moral cult of R.L.S. His best books are perfect; yet for each in its kind there is a greater. "Treasure Island" is not "The Three Musketeers." The essays may be better than Benson, yet they are not so good as Lamb. The travels will not bear the touchstone of "A Sentimental Journey." But his personality was unique. Our snappers-up of moral sentiments seem to be feeling for this personality, even if they feel but a part of it. Perhaps they are on the trail of what will be his greatest fame.

Here lies the value of the letters. In one conclusion all intimates of Stevenson agree: his talk was incomparable. "That far-glancing, variously colored, intensely romantic and flagrantly humorous expression of life—the talk of R.L.S.," says Henley, who knew. And again, "As he was primarily a talker, his printed works, like those of others after his kind, are but a sop for posterity." But talk, as Stevenson says in his essay on "Talk and Talkers," is preëminently an expression of personality. In his talk, his personality, so all agree, sprang to light, revelled, was greater and more various

than itself. And it is in his letters only that his talk survives. They are faint and pale, no doubt, when compared with the living voice; but, though Henley, who knew the man, may sneer at them, and at us, they are more than a sop for posterity. In them, indeed, Stevenson is revealed with astonishing lucidity. A discerning reader will see him fingering his exquisitely sensitive spirit like a cello; will recognize that intense self-consciousness which his critics called vanity, and thanks to it will find full and vivid records of the impressions made upon a remarkable mind by a multi-colored life. He will discover both Stevenson's Stevenson, and the real Stevenson. The Moral Optimist will be absorbed in a broader and richer personality, and the R.L.S. of contemporary estimate will give place to a figure of inexhaustible charm.

All of this is true of the old collections of Stevenson letters; but it is much truer of the new edition now published, wherein the two groups of letters hitherto published separately are brought together into one group chronologically arranged, with one hundred and fifty entirely new letters distributed through the four volumes. The new letters are for the most part early ones. There are delightful draughts from the correspondence with Mrs. Sitwell (now Mrs. Colvin), in which the boy pours out his fresh impressions before her. He tries desperately to get the right words for the flight of Mediterranean gulls; he rhapsodizes upon an imagination of his own death; he fails in his attempts to express himself and is hurt by the bad style; he offends a servant and describes the complicated moods which hinder his apology; he opens up his heart to her: "However, thank God it is life I want, and nothing posthumous, and for two good emotions I would sacrifice a thousand years of fame." He eases himself of the misery which came from unhappy religious differences with his father: "I lay in bed this morning awake, for I was tired and cold and in no hurry to rise, and heard my father go out for the papers; and then I lay and wished,—O if he would only *whistle* when he comes in again! But of course he did not. I have stopped that pipe." One gets a better idea than ever before of Stevenson's artistic growth from these letters to Mrs. Sitwell; they emphasize the deep sensibility, and the infinite search for expressiveness, which together made him famous.

There are new views into the moral core of the man; best of all, perhaps, in the letters upon purity to Trevor Haddon. There are the

* THE LETTERS OF ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON. Edited by Sidney Colvin. A new edition, rearranged in four volumes, with one hundred and fifty new letters. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

critic's *obiter dicta*: "Beware of realism; it is the devil; 'tis one of the means of art, and now they make it the end!" "Bow your head over technique. Think of technique when you rise and when you go to bed. Forget purposes in the meanwhile. . . . Then when you have anything to say, the language will be apt and copious." Best of all are more personal glimpses of the boy and the man. He is in Menton, in 1874: "We have all been getting photographed. . . . Madame Zassetsky arranged me for mine, and then said to the photographer: 'C'est mon fils. Il vient d'avoir dix-neuf ans. Il est tout fier de sa moustache. Tâchez de la faire paraître,' and then bolted. . . . The artist was quite serious, and explained that he would try to 'faire ressortir ce que veut Madame la Princesse' to the best of his ability; he bowed very much to me, after this, in quality of Prince, you see. I bowed in return and handled the flap of my cloak after the most princely fashion I could command." At Chester, in 1874, the verger shows them the cathedral: "'Ah,' says he, 'You're very fond of music.' I said I was. 'Yes, I could tell that by your head,' he answered. 'There's a deal in that head.' . . . I said it might be so, but I found it hard, at least, to get it out. Then my father cut in brutally, said anyway I had no ear, and left the verger so distressed and shaken in the foundations of his creed that, I hear, he got my father aside afterwards and said he was sure there was something in my face, and wanted to know what it was, if not music." He writes to Colvin, introducing his cousin: "You know me now. Well, Bob is just such another mutton, only somewhat farther wandered." When he is in a hot corner he takes to an exciting story for solace: "I stick my head into a story-book, as the ostrich with her bush; let fate and fortune meantime belabor my posteriors at their will." From Honolulu in 1889 he acknowledges his debts: "Is it possible I have wounded you in some way? . . . If so, don't write, and you can pitch into me when we meet. I am, admittedly, as mild as London Stout now; and the Old Man Virulent much a creature of the past. My dear Colvin, I owe you and Fleeming Jenkin, the two older men who took the trouble, and knew how to make a friend of me, everything that I have or am: if I have behaved ill, just hold on and give me a chance, you shall have the slanging of me and I bet I shall prefer it to this silence."

There are not many new epistles in the correspondence written from the South Seas in the

last years of his life, and these few, like the familiar Vailima letters which they supplement, are not of Stevenson's best. A letter from Mrs. Stevenson, now for the first time printed suggests a reason for this. Louis had taken it "into his Scotch Stevenson head" to be practical, to get the facts about the islanders. He refused to be personal and impressionistic. The result is that his books upon South Sea life are but doubtful successes, and his wife's description of his friend, Ori, the bronze chief-tain with the wreath of golden yellow leaves, is more vivid than anything of Stevenson's own, and makes one weep to think of the letters which he might have written and did not.

But if the last of these letters are disappointing, both in old materials and in new, we will not complain. R. L. S. did not materially change; abundant glimpses show that he did not. He saved his imagination for his fiction, and wrote of his actions to his friends. Nevertheless, even in this latter, fact-crammed correspondence, the impression of his personality is remarkably complete. Indeed, after reading through this new edition, one is ready to answer the conventional statement, "Letter-writing is a lost art," with an emphatic, "Nonsense, it is only a changed one!" The formal letter, easy yet perfect, constructed like an essay, delivered like a set speech, is seemingly extinct. It was a beautiful thing as Walpole and Cowper wrote it, but it has gone its way along with true Georgian architecture, the formal garden, and the periodical essay. These Stevenson letters are of a different breed. They vividly strike off the flux and reflux of the writer's thoughts. They record his moods. The style changes as he changes. "Poor Ferrier, it bust me horrid," he writes as the death of his friend jumps into his mind in the midst of the business of his correspondence. Whole letters in his earlier years are nothing but attempts to put his sensations into words. They are impressionistic of talk; they are a kind of impressionism, and in this way typical perhaps of the best letters of this age.

This, indeed, is what makes them so charming and so notable, for it is by means of successful impressionism that Stevenson's personality is alive for us in these pages. To me it is the most interesting personality of the period; to many it will be the one best worth knowing; certainly, thanks to this collection, it is the one best expressed. Thanks to it also, we, too, like his friends, may come to feel that R. L. S. is more wonderful than his books.

HENRY SEIDEL CANBY.

NATURE'S OPEN SHOP.*

People as far gone in commercialism as we are can scarcely escape thinking in connection with nature at this time of year the thought expressed by the phrase "open shop." It is the greatest of Spring enterprises which is being undertaken in fields and woods,—that of preparing beauty and refreshment enough for masses of humanity the world over during all the out-door time of year; and the unrestricted and whole-hearted openness with which that work is being done cannot escape the most casual on-looker. Everyone and everything that can help is allowed to enter freely into the work. The blossoming trees and shrubs take charge of the displays, the leaves unroll their fabrics from every conceivable daintiness of packing, the grass and wood-flowers spread the rarest of carpets, and the clouds send down their showers to cleanse and fructify. In the chorus which inspires the laborers and lightens their task the thrush is choir-master, and all the other birds lend their voices, with no thought of boycotting the frogs if they should chance to join in. There is no over-work in this great coöperative enterprise, and no time-keeper but the sun; no bells ring except those of the blue-bells, and no whistles sound except those of the cardinal and the oriole; no badges are required and no wages expected, but each worker is the happier the more co-workers he has. You yourself may join the brotherhood for the mere choosing, even if you can do nothing but appreciate the work of the others. But

"Hate, the shadow of a grain,
You are lost in Westernmain."

Though we must each take the work and the pleasure of this resurrection of the earth's beauty in our own way, and get much or little from it as we can, few of us hesitate to listen to those who have had more experience than we. Nature books bore some people, but probably the stupidest of such books never altogether bored a real nature-lover. Certainly the most easily bored of readers can have nothing to fear in the few volumes that come to the nature-

lover's shelf this Spring, each of them from an expert, and each in a field of its own.

The same intense love of out-door beauty which makes us all remember Mrs. Gene Stratton-Porter's best-known story, "Freckles," is shown in her new book, "Music of the Wild," a large volume with an ampler range of subject than the title would suggest. To the author's open mind the "music" of owl and hawk and bat belong to the "Chorus of the Forest" as well as that of chewink or grosbeak, and her delicate ear catches also the fairy sayings of moth and flower. Her judgment is not warped, because she knows which song is sweetest; but she insists that each angel have his due whether he be black or white. So crow and cricket, hop-toad and katy-did, have their meed of praise. The book is sumptuously illustrated, and those of us who are still children enough to like good pictures will take pleasure in the photographs, "taken at home," of nestlings in all stages of gawkiness, and grown-ups — both bird and plant — in all phases of beautiful maturity.

The place of animals in nature's free house of growth has always been eloquently championed by Mr. Charles G. D. Roberts, and he now adds to his list of books about animals a collection of new stories, under the title "Neighbors Unknown." All of these neighbors — the black bear, the caribou, the killer-whale, the lynx — are known to us in appearance and outward characteristics, but not in the intimacy of life and death with which Mr. Roberts knows them. The truth that strikes him most forcibly is that the hunter becomes the hunted. The small dragon-fly is caught by the large, the large is swallowed by the heron, and the heron falls a prey to the mink; the puffin catches the fish, but the skua catches the puffin. Man stands at the apex of this pyramid of destruction, felling the grizzly which has captured a seal, and the whale which has left a bloody path in the sea. But man is not always victor, for a moment's drowsiness in his night-watch makes him a victim to the wolf-pack; nor are the stories all tragedies, for the crazy loon has wit enough to escape from the hand of the fowler, and the mother panther gets her cubs back from his thievery and escapes unhurt. Most of the stories are too cruel for children, but "How a Cat Played Robinson Crusoe" and the "Tunnel Runners" — the story of a marsh-mouse — are excellent for young readers. The drawings by Mr. Paul Bransom are full of life, and characterize faithfully the animals portrayed.

In "East and West," Mr. Stanton Davis

* MUSIC OF THE WILD. By Gene Stratton-Porter. With reproductions of the performers, their instruments and festival halls. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.

NEIGHBORS UNKNOWN. By Charles G. D. Roberts. Illustrated. New York: The Macmillan Co.

EAST AND WEST. Comparative Studies of Nature in Eastern and Western States. By Stanton Davis Kirkham. Illustrated. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

THE FACE OF THE FIELDS. By Dallas Lore Sharp. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co.

Kirkham has covered the extremes of the United States, which he calls "the most beautiful playground in the world," and some of the middle region. From Cape Cod, "where the ghost of the ice still haunts the lonely Dogtown Commons, and the imaginative mind will not fail to conjure up the ancient glacier," he passes through the wilderness of the northern woods, paddles down the Adirondack lakes, and stops to live a time among the trees of the Catskills, whose companionableness no one knows "until he has lived among them and heard them day after day sighing in the rain, whispering in the breeze, and singing in the wind, until he accustoms himself to look through their dim isles and out of their oriel windows." From the "pre-eminently pastoral" cultivation of western New York he crosses to Southern California, where "like a garment the chaparral covers the treeless spurs and peaks of the Santa Inez, — tall and luxuriant and almost impenetrable without a machete or axe." There are excellent descriptions of the Cactus Belt, the Desert, and Arizona Gardens, and a unique chapter on "Good Families" — the heath which includes the blueberry of New England pastures and the manzanita of the Sierras, the mints which are represented in the West by the sages, the conifers, the violets, the lilies, and many other families of blood and breeding which spread their branches across our broad land. Although Mr. Kirkham says he "greatly prefers to confine himself to the familiar aspects of the woods, the familiar and well-beloved birds and flowers," and "does not expect to say anything new," he has often an original way of presenting his material, and his observation is full and trustworthy. There are attractive illustrations from photographs.

Of Mr. Dallas Lore Sharp's "The Face of the Fields" it is not necessary to say more than that it is made up of essays which we have already enjoyed in the "Atlantic" and appropriated with gratitude to the writer for the enlargement of our daily thinking. No one who read them in the magazine has forgotten "Turtle Eggs for Agassiz," "The Scarcity of Skunks," the "Commuter's Thanksgiving," or "The Clam Farm." To enrich the joyful humor of these bits of real life is the literary acumen of the essay on Mr. John Burroughs, and the quiet, cheerful philosophy of "The Face of the Fields" and "The Edge of Night." Every nature-lover will rejoice to have these possessions bound together in a book.

MAY ESTELLE COOK.

TRAVELS IN TWO HEMISPHERES.*

From Greenland's icy mountains to India's coral strand the reader of this season's travel books may journey in imagination, unnnipped by arctic frosts, unscorched by tropic heats. Several obvious causes contribute to the increasing number and variety and excellence of latter-day journals of sight-seeing and health-hunting. Railway facilities are yearly extending into more and more remote quarters of the globe; automobiles and the roads that they need and promote are likewise multiplying; the call of the wild, the love of the simple life of mounain or seashore, are elements to be reckoned with as never before; and the wealth and leisure required for extensive travel exist in greater abundance than at any preceding period in the world's history.

Beginning our wanderings with the far North, we find in Mr. George Borup's lively narrative, "A Tenderfoot with Peary," more rollicking fun and youthful high spirits, together with a most admirable pluck and stout-heartedness, than in any previous book of polar exploration it has been our fortune to read. Those who have read Commander Peary's account of his memorable achievement will recall the words of praise bestowed upon the youngest of his assistants. "This young Yale athlete," writes the leader of the enterprise, "was a valuable member of the expedition. His whole heart was in his work, and he had hustled his heavy sledge along and driven his dogs with almost the

* *A TENDERFOOT WITH PEARY.* By George Borup. With a Preface by Rear-Admiral G. W. Melville. Illustrations and map. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co.

AMURATH TO AMURATH. By Gertrude Lowthian Bell. Illustrations and map. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

THE CALL OF THE SNOWY HISPAL. A Narrative of Exploration and Mountaineering on the Northern Frontier of India. By William Hunter Workman, M.A., M.D., and Fanny Bullock Workman. With an Appendix by Count Dr. Cesare Calciati and Dr. Mathias Koncza. Illustrations and maps. New York: Imported by Charles Scribner's Sons.

ACROSS SOUTH AMERICA. An Account of a Journey from Buenos Aires to Lima, by Way of Potosi. With notes on Brazil, Argentina, Bolivia, Chile, and Peru. By Hiram Bingham. Illustrations and maps. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co.

IMPRESSIONS OF MEXICO. With brush and pen. By Mary Barton. Twenty illustrations in color. New York: The Macmillan Co.

A PARADISE IN PORTUGAL. By Mark Sale. New York: The Baker & Taylor Co.

THREE WEEKS IN THE BRITISH ISLES. By John U. Higinbotham. Illustrated. Chicago: The Reilly & Britton Co.

SEEING EUROPE BY AUTOMOBILE. A five-thousand-mile Motor Trip through France, Switzerland, Germany, and Italy; with an Excursion into Andorra, Corfu, Dalmatia, and Montenegro. By Lee Meriwether. Illustrations and map. New York: The Baker and Taylor Co.

A SAGA OF THE "SUNBEAM." By Horace G. Hutchinson. Illustrated. New York: Longmans, Green, & Co.

FINLAND TO-DAY. By George Renwick, F.R.G.S. Illustrations and map. New York: Imported by Charles Scribner's Sons.

skill of an Eskimo, in a way that commanded the admiration of the whole party and would have made his father's eyes glisten could he have seen." Eighty-five degrees and twenty-three minutes was the young man's farthest north, though he longed to push on with the Commander and plant the Yale colors at the tip-top of the earth. But that was not in the plan, and he reluctantly turned back. We gather, not from his own words, that his sledging record, toward the Pole and on lateral exploring trips, greatly exceeded that of any other member of the party, and he also proved himself a mighty hunter. Let us quote a few lines at random to illustrate his breezy and not too severely classic style, and also to show the spirit in which he took the inevitable mishaps and hardships of the great adventure.

"Slightly to the westward the lead closed. Seegloo manned a pick and went ahead to pick the trail while I took his team and promptly proceeded to drop down a ledge with the sledge, turning a somersault and landing on the inevitable ice spear. It knocked the wind out of me very neatly, and incidentally, I thought, broke a rib. While lying on the ice making night radiant in an attempt to get my breathing gear in working order I was greatly amused by the huskies gathering around with prophecies of my early death and assurances that the devils were right on their job. But what made me sorer still was inability to express my opinion of them, my speaking feature not working."

Miss Gertrude Lowthian Bell's "Amurath to Amurath" is a variously learned and descriptive account of a leisurely caravan journey down the Euphrates and up the Tigris, pursued with eyes open to everything of historic or prehistoric interest, and with an exceeding fondness for the careful study of antiquities, ruins, architectural features, and in fact of all things and persons oriental, ancient or modern. It is a good-sized volume, and copiously illustrated, that conducts the reader from Aleppo to Babylon, and thence northwestward by way of Baghdad, Mosul, and Diyarbekr, to Konia in Asia Minor—some thirteen or fourteen hundred miles in all. A dedicatory letter to Lord Cromer opens the book, and a good map of the regions traversed brings it to a close. A typical passage, showing what sort of objects and what kind of problems most interested the writer is the following:

"The scheme of the Assyrian temple has now been established by examples ranging over a period of four hundred years, and it is conclusively proved that it differed in a remarkable degree from the Babylonian temple plan, and was related to the plan adopted by Solomon. In Babylonia the chambers are all laid broadways in respect of the entrance; that is to say, the door is placed in the centre of one of the long sides, so that he who enters has only a narrow area in front of him, and must look to right and left if he would appreciate the size of the hall. At Jerusalem and in Assyria the main sanctuary ran lengthways, an immense artistic advance, inasmuch as the broadways-lying hall was at best a clumsy contrivance which could never have given the sense of space and dignity conveyed by the other. To the genius of what builders are we to attribute this masterly comprehension of spatial effect?"

Those intrepid mountaineers, Dr. and Mrs. William Hunter Workman, known for their explorations among the higher Himalayas, had thought to

end their labors in those regions with their Nun Kun expedition of five years ago. But, as they express it, "we had breathed the atmosphere of that great mountain-world, had drunk of the swirling waters of its glaciers, and feasted our eyes on the incomparable beauty and majesty of its towering peaks, and, as time passed on, its charms asserted their power anew and called to us with irresistible, siren strains to return yet once again to those regions, the grandeur of which satisfies so fully the sense of the beautiful and sublime." Accordingly the month of May, 1908, saw them again setting forth to scale the dizzy heights; and in "The Call of the Snowy Hispar" we have, in unusually handsome form, the record of their latest achievements in Himalaya-climbing. Nineteen years ago, as we learn at the outset, "Sir Martin Conway made a rapid ascent of the Hispar glacier, and sketched the salient points of its main stream with the plane table, but did not visit its branches." A careful examination of both the main glacier and its tributaries, with the ascent of neighboring peaks and a detailed survey of the whole basin, was the end proposed by Dr. and Mrs. Workman; and the measure of their success is now set forth, with many striking illustrations from their camera. Some related matters of interest to readers of the book are appended, contributed by Dr. Cesare Calciati and Dr. Mathias Koncza. A map of Kashmir follows, showing the various routes followed by the authors in their explorations of 1898, 1899, 1902, 1903, 1906, and 1908; and this in turn is succeeded by a chart of the Hispar glacier and its tributaries.

Professor Hiram Bingham, of Yale University, delegate to the first Pan-American Scientific Congress at Santiago, Chile, in December and January, 1908-09, improved the occasion of his South American trip to travel and observe more extensively than the purpose of his visit strictly required. "Across South America" gives in very readable form a description of his journey from Buenos Aires to Potosi and thence to Lima, with occasional notes on Brazil, Argentina, Bolivia, Chile, and Peru. Objects and scenes of unusual interest abound, and few readers can fail to envy the author and at the same time to thank him for sharing with the public so many of his memorable experiences. Toward the end of his book, whose many and excellent views from photographs form one of its most attractive features, Mr. Bingham significantly remarks:

"When we look at South Americans at close range we may dislike some of their manners and customs, but not any more so than European critics disliked ours half a century ago. And not any more so, be it remembered, than the South Americans dislike ours at the present day."

From South America to Mexico is no long stride, on a map of the world, nor is the atmosphere of our southern neighbor very different from that breathed by Professor Bingham in Argentina and Chile. Latin-Americans, as we call them, inhabit all those regions, and it is of Latin America that

Miss Mary Barton, an Englishwoman, writes in her "Impressions of Mexico," an inviting book glowingly illustrated in polychromatic hues by the accomplished writer herself. That her pictures from that land of tropical delights should be in the vividest of colors does not astonish us, though some of her purples and blues do seem to surpass anything that nature herself could achieve. But it may be that nature shares the people's passion for startling effects of this sort. Apropos of this general subject, we read in Miss Barton's book:

"I regret to say there is a horrible bluish-pink of a most unpleasant brilliancy which is distinctly a favourite for skirts, but as a rule the petticoats are sober in tone or light and colourless. Too often they are long and trail, regardless of what they trail through or what dust they kick up; for there is dust everywhere, thick, thick dust on all the country roads, through all the village streets, and even in the woods where vegetation has not conquered it."

Under the pseudonym "Mark Sale," a quietly-observant, level-headed woman, with a wholesome sense of the things that really count, has written a little book, "A Paradise in Portugal," that will please every lover of good literature. A "philosopher," as he is called in the book, and his wife, the writer herself, found themselves one day reduced to something like poverty, as far as mere money was concerned, but rich in the real things of life, in ideals and cultivated tastes, and love of the beautiful, and in the gifts of mind and heart, with a combined store of talents that ensured them against starvation; and taking these intangible but very actual possessions with them, they sought out a beautiful retreat in Portugal where they lived well and enjoyed themselves on ten shillings a week. Surely a happier discovery of the "one way out" has never been made—and that in spite of the fact that the "philosopher" had inherited "a measure of 'unhealth' and insomnia" besides acquiring poverty in later life. But, says the author cheerfully,—

"We were content in each other's society; our daily needs were of the simplest; and for occupation, The Philosopher painted, while I wrote humble little stories. So it came about that we tramped this grand old world, viewing its wonders, and sunning ourselves under its brightest, bluest skies, with a yearly income upon which most people would have been stagnating in genteel poverty in some dull suburb or lifeless village of the dear, but grey, homeland."

A sort of Baedeker with a generous infusion of human interest is what one might call Mr. John U. Higinbotham's handy volume wherein he has told how to see, in twenty-one days, the most notable sights of the British Isles. "Three Weeks in the British Isles" is the book's sufficient title, and it forms a companion to the same writer's "Three Weeks in Holland and Belgium"; and there will be other later, we infer. The pictures from the author's own camera are many and good, and every chapter abounds in facts and incidents likely either to amuse or to instruct, or to do both. "It is the fashion to smile," observes the author in his preface, "at the idea of seeing anything in a foreign country in a shorter time than three months.

This has constructed a barrier across the road to broader culture and accomplishment of many a person. As a matter of fact, more can be seen abroad in three weeks than can be seen at home in an entire summer. Distances are shorter between noteworthy objects. The unusual grips the attention at every turn." The hurried vacation traveller could do much worse than to put Mr. Higinbotham's compact little volume into his satchel before starting for England.

On the twenty-fifth anniversary of his "Tramp Trip," described in a book that enthralled many a now sedate senior in his vigorous and adventurous youth, Mr. Lee Meriwether was moved to make the experiment of an automobile journey over the same enchanted ground, and he has related the incidents of this second and more pretentious enterprise in "Seeing Europe by Automobile." It was a five-thousand-mile jaunt, through France, Switzerland, Germany, and Italy, with an excursion into Andorra, Corfu, Dalmatia, and Montenegro, and it cost considerably more than fifty cents a day, which was the average outlay on the previous journey. Details of expense, routes, distances, etc., are given for the benefit of prospective tourists, and the whole story is told with the same secure and satisfying grip on the realities of foreign travel that marks the author's earlier books of the same class. The author's wife doubles the joys and halves the annoyances of this second European excursion. Their petroleum-propelled vehicle was aptly named the "Get-There." Illustrations from photographs abound, and a map shows the route followed.

Again the "Sunbeam," made famous by the pen of the late Lady Brassey, appears in literature, this time introduced by one of her latest passengers, Mr. Horace G. Hutchinson, who, in "A Saga of the 'Sunbeam,'" tells all about the gallant yacht's recent trans-Atlantic voyage from Dover to Montreal and return. A pause at Reykjavik, in Iceland, on the westward trip pleasantly diversified the programme, and Tadousac and the Saguenay offered much of unusual interest for the voyagers after their arrival in Canadian waters. A half-dozen congenial souls, including Lord Brassey, formed the party. Now sailing, now steaming the little vessel covered more than seven thousand miles. "And this is the boat, be it noted," concludes the chronicle, "that was built in 1874, that has been constantly in commission ever since, that has been seen in ports of every country on the globe, and that has never feared the biggest seas. Perhaps as fine a parting word as can be said for both of them is that she is worthy of her admiral and owner, and for him that he is worthy of the little ship that he still loves to sail in every sea." A portrait of Lord Brassey faces the title-page, and other illustrations and a map are supplied.

Two motives have actuated Mr. George Renwick in writing his book entitled "Finland To-day." First, he has sought to furnish a full and faithful

description of that scenically beautiful country, "the land of a thousand lakes," so that the intending visitor may intelligently map his route beforehand; and, secondly, he has "tried to do what has not been done in English before—to present not only a descriptive account of the land, but to cover the entire ground of the brave little nation's activities. In literature, music, painting, architecture, in politics and social progress, Finland has done great things and will do still greater." In its scope and in its execution Mr. Renwick's well-written and well-illustrated book is the best descriptive work on Finland that has yet been published in English.

PERCY F. BICKNELL.

RECENT FICTION.*

To arouse the self-satisfied from their complacency, to pierce the armor of the optimist, to stir the sluggish springs of sympathy, and to de-sentimentalize life by painting its grim realities, seem to have been the essential aims of Mr. John Galsworthy in the remarkable series of novels, plays, and sketches which he has given us during the past few years, and which have made him among living English writers one of those most to be reckoned with. Sharp observation and unsparing analysis have been his instruments, while his message has been driven home by the agencies of caustic satire and a style at once refined and severe. He has scorned all cheap emotional devices, and has kept his own personality aloof from his presentation of life, thereby gaining the power which such restraint alone can confer. He will lay bare to us in the most matter-of-fact way the most intolerable conditions and the most subtle hypocrisies, making us feel, without a hint of special pleading, that the responsibility is with us, and that it is for us to do something. Few writers have his skill to set the conscience vibrating, and to strip the verities of existence from their trappings. Sometimes his thought, so pitiful at heart, seems almost pitiless in expression, so careful is he to exclude sentiment from what he has to say. And sometimes he seems to draw in outlines unduly harsh the figures that

incur his condemnation. We think that "The Patrician," which is the fifth of his novels of English society, shows the mellowing which is what Mr. Galsworthy has hitherto most needed, and is in consequence the best of them all. The indignation glowing beneath his mask of restraint is no less hot than before, but he has learned to make more allowances, and better to understand how character is warped by influences beyond its control. We doubt if he could have written five years ago as sympathetically of the British aristocracy as he now writes in the character of Courtier, who is more distinctly than any other figure in "The Patrician" to be taken as the author's spokesman. "He felt a very genuine pity for these people who seemed to lead an existence as it were smothered under their own social importance. It was not their fault. He recognized that they did their best. They were good specimens of their kind; neither soft nor luxurious, as things went in a degenerate and extravagant age; they evidently tried to be simple—and this seemed to him to heighten the pathos of their situation. Fate had been too much for them. What human spirit could emerge untrammelled from that great encompassing host of material advantage?" This is the tragedy of the novel—for it is a tragedy—that the noblest spirits, nurtured in such an environment and weighted with such a burden of social tradition, cannot escape its deadening consequences. It looks for a time as if they might, both the man and the woman with whom the interest is chiefly concerned, but heredity and social pressure prove too much for them, and their efforts to become free individuals slacken and die as their destinies are worked out. The tragedy is most poignant in the case of the young woman, who contracts a loveless marriage in her own class, when she might have had a true companion of her spirit. In the case of her brother, the "patrician" of the title, our sympathies are not quite so clear, for what seems to him the only path to happiness is by way of an illicit love, and his act of renunciation raises him to a higher moral plane. He is a rising statesman, and his problem is not unlike that of the statesman in "The New Machiavelli," but instead of weakly yielding and counting the world well lost, he conquers his own passion, and devotes his life to the public. We could wish that Mr. Galsworthy had not complicated the issue with this illicit element, and had given us a situation in which the lines were clearly drawn between the claims of legitimate love, on the one hand, and the claims of caste, on the other. This would have offered a real problem, with a fair balance between the clashing interests, such as we actually have in the case of the sister and her stifled romance. To get away from personal considerations, it is refreshing to find that the author, who would probably consent to being classified with the democrats, is so far unbiassed by the catchwords of that cult that he can do justice to the aristocratic position, for if we take the term "aristocracy" in its root-sense it

*THE PATRICIAN. By John Galsworthy. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

BROTHER CUPAS. By Arthur Quiller-Couch. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

PANTHER'S CUB. By Agnes and Egerton Castle. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.

THE GOLDEN SILENCE. By C. N. and A. M. Williamson. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.

THE LEGACY. A Story of a Woman. By Mary S. Watts. New York: The Macmillan Co.

THE IMPRUDENCE OF PRUE. By Sophie Fisher. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Co.

KLAUS HINRICH BAAS. The Story of a Self-made Man. By Gustav Frenssen. Translated from the German by Esther Everett Lape and Elizabeth Fisher Read. New York: The Macmillan Co.

LEILA. By Antonio Fogazzaro. Translated by Mary Prichard Agnelli. New York: The George H. Doran Co.

stands for a principle which a far-seeing democracy must recognize, and which is, we believe, in only apparent opposition to the true democratic doctrine.

"See the figure of that policeman! Running through all the good behaviour of this crowd, however safe and free it looks, there is, there always must be, a central force holding it together. Where does that central force come from? From the crowd itself, you say. I answer: No. Look back at the origin of human States. From the beginnings of things, the best man has been the unconscious medium of authority, of the controlling principle, of the divine force; he felt that power within him—physical, at first—he used it to take the lead, he has held the lead ever since, he must always hold it. All your processes of election, your so-called democratic apparatus, are only a blind to the enquiring, a sop to the hungry, a salve to the pride of the rebellious. They are merely surface machinery, they cannot prevent the best man from coming to the top; for the best man stands nearest to the Deity, and is the first to receive the waves that come from him."

These words are given to Mr. Galsworthy's "patriarch," and the author will probably admit that they contain a world of truth. Returning to the more technical matters of literary art, we must find space for a word of praise for the extraordinary skill in characterization displayed throughout this novel, for the deft manner in which even trifling incidents are given significance relative to the main action, and for the compact and pregnant style, never strained beyond the limits of good taste, and equal to every demand made upon it. The novel is in so many ways remarkable that a review many times as long as ours would be required to do it adequate justice.

Just a group of people in an ancient English town—most of them connected as officials or pensioners with two charitable foundations for decayed gentlemen—and Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch has all that he needs to steal away our cares, and transport us to the artist's realm of delight. He tells no story worth mentioning, and does not need to, for the psychology of these old gentlemen offers a more than satisfactory substitute for any narrative. Chief of them in charm of personality is the Brother Copas whose name gives a title to the book. He is a big-hearted man, quaintly humorous and ironic, a scholar of parts, and an assiduous angler. He it is who composes quarrels among the brethren, leads in their protest against too much ritualism, befriends the child who is transplanted from overseas to live among them, and ferrets out the malicious traducer of the child's good name. He it is also who supplies most of the scholarship needed for the pageant in which the story culminates, and in which the glories of the ancient town are made into spectacular object-lessons. The author once more puts his rich and delightful antiquarianism at his readers' service, embroidering the tale with many a quaint bit of old-time lore. We are particularly indebted to him for the translation which Brother Copas is assumed to make of the "*Pervigilium Veneris*," which is as happy a reproduction of that classic of the decadence as we have ever seen. The child Corona we shall not attempt to describe, beyond saying that she is a real child, and that he misses much who fails to make her acquaintance. And it must not be for-

gotten that it is the child's unconscious influence that sweetens the lives of the rather quarrelsome pensioners, brings out their better natures, and unites them in the common bond of interest in her welfare.

We always expect entertainment from a novel by Mr. and Mrs. Castle, and the expectation is amply fulfilled in the case of "*Panther's Cub*," a story of cosmopolitan life and romantic interest. The "panther" is an operatic actor of dubious antecedents and violent temper, who is in training for "*Salome*," and is richly endowed with the physical and emotional characteristics needed for the representation of that spectacular creature. Her contortions and her screams of frenzied rage are perhaps a little overdone, but they make her a very vivid and startling creature. The "Cub" is her daughter, kept in a *pensionnat* until her *début* is long past due, treated as a child when she is finally brought to her mother's side, and really a child in her innocence of the world. One Lord Desmond, a Byronic diplomat, is marked for her prey by the panther, who is so confident of her own seductive charms that she never imagines, until we reach the enlightening climax, that it is the daughter he loves, and that the mother inspires him only with loathing. When the discovery is made, she tears numerous passions to tatters, writhes on the furniture, and screams herself into nervous exhaustion. Meanwhile the girl has eloped with Lord Desmond, who is so overwhelmed by the revelation of her virginal innocence that he abandons his wicked designs, and contracts with her a hurried but perfectly good marriage at Dover. These are the leading figures and chief happenings of the story, but we must not forget the astute Jewish impresario, whose discovery the panther is, and who needs all his suavity and tact to keep her within bounds. He even offers to marry the cub, to clear the mother's field of her one dangerous rival. These are all striking characterizations, but there is possibly a finer art displayed in the portrayal of the members of Lord Desmond's family, who are horror-stricken at the thought of his contemplated *mésalliance*, and do their best to avert the calamity. Sir Joseph Smith in particular, smug and pompous, a connection by marriage, is a source of much satisfaction whenever he makes an appearance. Finally, there is the mysterious German musician Fritz, repertor for the mother and protector of the child, who comes in at the end as the *deus ex machina*, and turns out to be at once husband and father. The book will thus be seen to have a great variety of interest combined with strong theatrical effect; its atmosphere is in the main successfully romantic, although there are delicious touches of realism. The sentiment gets a little cloying toward the end, and Lord Desmond in his new character of reformed rake is not exactly convincing, but much may be forgiven of a book that is the product of such fertility of imagination and such buoyancy of spirit.

After the Castles, the Williamsons. The guide-book fiction with which Mr. and Mrs. Williamson

have so liberally provided us of late years receives an accession in "The Golden Silence." The title has no particular significance, referring, we should judge, to the mystery of the Arab character and the instinctive secrecy of the oriental when the European seeks to invade his privacy. For the scene of this story—after a brief London prologue—is Algiers, whither the hero repairs for rest after certain strenuous experiences at home. He has figured in a lawsuit brought against his brother by a beautiful Canadian adventuress, and, upon her defeat, has proposed to her in a moment of impulsive sympathy. Their marriage is not to take place for some weeks, and this respite permits the holiday which provides the occasion for the real story, and has rather momentous consequences. For upon the journey he encounters another fair American engaged upon an Algerian quest, and we soon realize that she is to be the real heroine. She is in search of an older sister who had yielded some ten years earlier to the pleadings of an Arab—a spahi in the French service—and had gone to Algiers as his bride. Nothing has been heard from her for a long time, and she seems to have plunged irrevocably into "the golden silence." The story of the tracking and discovery of the lost one fills most of the book, and has to be picked out as a thread from the tangle of description and trifling conversation with which the pages are chiefly filled. It is a thin story, only mildly entertaining, written from considerable knowledge of the externals of Algerian life, but displaying little penetrative power. In the end, matters are patched up with the adventuress, who accepts a financial *solatium*, and leaves the hero in possession of the new lady-love whose adventures he has shared for some eventful weeks.

"The things that happen have a great deal to do with it"—meaning a human life. These are all but the last words of the fine novel which Mrs. Mary S. Watts has given us as a successor to "Nathan Burke." We are almost tempted to call "The Legacy" a sequel to the earlier work, because General Burke's name is frequently mentioned, although he does not appear upon the scene, and because we get a sense of continuity from the fact that we are brought into the same Ohio environment, and enter into the lives of people of the same general sort. It is the new generation, viewed by the writer with the old penetration, and dealt with after the same leisurely fashion. The heroine, whose life is traced from childhood, through marriage and widowhood, and into the haven of a substantial but most unromantic second marriage, is a Breen. This, we are given to understand, means much from the viewpoint of caste prejudice, although the members of the family who are described for us, and who include representations of four generations, are for the most part pretty poor specimens of individual humanity. The heroine is about the best of them all, but even she comes perilously near to becoming a victim of the racial weakness which has brought her family to decay. It is accident

rather than any inward spring of character that saves her for respectability, and her words which we have quoted express her own realization of this fact. All of these Breens are interesting, although many of them are disreputable, because they are pictured for us by a hand that spares neither foible nor folly, yet has an unfailing sympathy of touch. We feel throughout that the writer is giving us a transcript from real life, and her treatment makes most of the conventions of romantic fiction seem like cheap devices. Few recent novels are deserving of as high praise as may fairly be accorded to this one, and we may safely allow that Mrs. Watts has already won for herself an honorable place in American literature.

A pretty romance of the days of Queen Anne, a work which moves easily in its historical *milieu*, yet is not overburdened with antiquarian lore, is given us in "The Imprudence of Prue," by Miss Sophie Fisher. The heroine's imprudence follows upon an encounter with a fascinating highwayman, who stops her coach upon the heath, and, finding nothing else of which to rob her, steals a kiss. As her memory dwells upon the episode, resentment softens into a different sort of feeling, and she continues to be imprudent. Being an impecunious widow and a desperate coquette, she is embarrassed by debt, and, learning that the highwayman of her chance encounter is a prisoner in Newgate, and to be hanged in a few days, she conceives the happy thought of asking that he bestow his name upon her, that she may, as his wife (and soon thereafter his widow!), snap her fingers at her creditors. A secret ceremony follows, with consequences unforeseen. For the man, fired by her loveliness finds life once more precious, and secures his release by a shrewd bargain with the authorities. The woman, discovering that her heart has unintentionally been given with her hand, comes to her husband's rescue when he is again in difficulties, and finally takes flight with him to France, leaving behind her a retinue of disappointed aspirants. Since the highwayman turns out to be a nobleman and a Jacobite, the match is not so bad an affair after all. This story is told with much sprightliness, and its constructive skill is rather out of the common.

Pastor Gustav Frenssen is one of the two or three living German novelists who count the most, and a new work from his hand is a literary event. While we cannot say that "Klaus Hinrich Baas" is as successful an achievement as "Jörn Uhl," or even as "Hilligenlei," we can nevertheless accord it high praise as a serious portrayal of modern life—the life of that corner of Germany fronting the North Sea, which the author knows so well. It is a new departure for Herr Frenssen in the respect that it is concerned with the commercial life of a great city rather than with the life of the peasantry upon its native moor, and in this substitution of Hamburg for Holstein we become conscious of a lack of the intimate and deeply sympathetic knowledge dis-

played when the author bids us view with his eyes the flat and wind-swept spaces of the open country and the serious and sombre lives of their agricultural population. Nevertheless, we have all this for a background, for Klaus Hinrich is of peasant stock, and we first come to know him in his natural surroundings. Even later, when he is gaining his business experience in the Malayan East, and when in the city on the Elbe he is applying his shrewd and sharpened wits to the problem of rehabilitating an old merchant firm which has been brought by slackness to the verge of ruin, we are all the time reminded of the soil from which he has sprung, and of the primitive character which no amount of sophistication can wholly conceal. His life story is conscientiously and minutely related, from earliest childhood to maturity, breaking off rather abruptly when he has reached middle life, but leaving us with the sense that his character is completely shaped, and that a further prolongation of his biography would have no further psychological interest, however interesting it might seem in incident and circumstance. He has rubbed against the world in many of its rough places, and he has made his way by native determination and force of character. His growth from visionary child to practical man of affairs is consistently worked out, and his career is replete with interesting experiences. He is a very human figure, making mistakes and paying for them, as men must always do; in his relations with womankind, his life is too gross to be pleasing, but the discomfort with which we read of his amorous adventures arises less from our feeling about his weakness as an individual than from our disgust with the way in which the author takes such things for granted as a part of the life of the normal man. Immorality is an ugly and pervasive fact in modern life, but its calm acceptance without a sign of indignation is not to be condoned in a writer whose aim is presumably idealistic. Too much of recent German literature is marred by just this sort of callousness. If it were not for the defect thus noted, "Klaus Hinrich Baas" might be ranked as a worthy successor of Freytag's "Soll und Haben," of which one cannot help thinking as its legitimate prototype.

The literary testament of Antonio Fogazzaro — the novel "Leila" which was published only a few weeks before the author's death — is now available in an English translation. We cannot commend the translation, but it will serve. The work itself, while inferior to the best that Fogazzaro has given us, has a spiritual elevation that goes far to compensate for its loose construction and diffuse style. If it does not tell a story of compelling interest, it does remind us on every page that the writer was one of the noblest souls of his time. The ship of his faith was securely anchored, despite the billows that tossed it this way and that. The note of submission to authority is clearly sounded, but with it the note of determination to go as far as authority will permit in the direction of modernism. The

two ideals are in such essential opposition of relation that to readers not brought up within the shadow of the church there must be some suggestion of weakness of will in a writer who struggles to reconcile them, and it takes a considerable effort to accord him the fullest sympathy. "Leila" is directly connected with "Il Santo" by the fact that Alberti, the young hero of the new novel, is a disciple of Piero Maironi, and is devoted to the gospel of enlightenment for which "the saint" had laid down his life. The heroine, whose name without any reason becomes "Leila" in this translation, is a high-spirited and passionate girl who long defends her maiden citadel only to surrender it the more completely in the end. She loves Alberti, but she is led by malicious tongues to think him a fortune-hunter and herself the victim of a carefully-laid plot. She is also disturbed about her faith, not having won her way to the serene heights occupied by her lover. She is the adopted daughter of Signor Marcello, to whose son she had been betrothed. Upon the son's death, the father had rescued her from her disreputable parents, making her a member of his household and his heir. Upon Alberti, who had been his son's dearest friend, Signor Marcello now lavishes his affections, and it becomes his dearest desire that Leila shall become Alberti's wife. A saintly old woman who is an old friend of the family, and a lovable old priest, are the agencies by which the girl's eyes are opened and her pride overcome. All these people are so oppressively good that the intrusion of Leila's father provides a welcome relief, and a similar function is fulfilled by the two wicked priests who serve as a foil to the simple-hearted Don Aurelio. The story has little substance, and is much more a tract than a novel. As far as its action is concerned, and even its psychology, a full three-fourths of the writing might well be spared.

WILLIAM MORTON PAYNE.

VARIOUS BOOKS FOR SUMMER READING.

Camping and tramping in the Yosemite. Nature lovers who find in the mountains surcease from care, a call to meditation on the deeper things of life, and inspiration for the humdrum round of duty among the walks of men, will find that the next best thing to a trip into the great Sierras of California is free perusal of Mr. J. Smeaton Chase's "Yosemite Trails" (Houghton). With a bold and lavish, yet artistic, hand Mr. Chase sketches the account of three extended trips into the Sierras that form the towering ramparts about the Yosemite Valley — or Gorge, as he would have us more scientifically designate this unique chasm cut deep into the western flank of the great range of mountains between California and Nevada. The book is not a dry scientific account of the geology and natural history of the central Sierra Nevada range, but rather the rhapsody of a lover of woods and trails, of camp-fires and "mulligans," of pines and sequoias,

of mountain meadows, granite ledges, and snow-fields. It is not a guide-book, and the accompanying map is of indifferent value in comparison with others readily available—such as those of the United States Geological Survey. It is, on the other hand, an entrancing introduction for the novice who seeks in cold print some living idea of the beauty and charms of the much-visited floor of the Yosemite Valley, and of its towering walls and tumbling water-falls; or for the prospective mountaineer who would essay the trails about the rim of the chasm, and explore the canyons of the Hetch Hetchy, Tuolumne, or the Merced. Indeed, even the veteran of many Sierran summers will find his memory of many a familiar trail or outlook quickened by these pages. His heart will leap within him in response to the author's enthusiastic description of familiar experiences and well-known and fondly-remembered scenes, and he will forthwith plan a new campaign for the coming summer. The book is rich in allusion to the forest trees and flowers of the high mountains, and the writer is both observant and skilful in his portrayal of these charms of Sierran travel. He barely escapes, however, falling into the too-prevalent error of over-estimating the age of the big trees. "Fifty years for every year of human life" is perhaps too liberal an estimate for even the Nestor of the Wawona grove of sequoias. The author very justly condemns the inane habit of attaching names of eminent or would-be eminent men or of aspiring towns to the great trees. Our system of national parks and great forest reserves has done much to preserve this magnificent playground for the American people, and Mr. Chase has performed a genuine service in so skilfully extending the invitation to all who read to come and play in these mountain fastnesses.

*Practical
gardening
for women.*

Eight years ago, Mrs. Helena Rutherford Ely put some of her gardening experiences into a book which she called "A Woman's Hardy Garden." So eagerly was it received, that two years later, "Another Hardy Garden Book" was issued in answer to the appeal for help in the care of shrubs, which are the necessary associates of the herbaceous plants of which Mrs. Ely had told so much in her first volume. To these two books, more than to any others written by American gardeners, we owe the present widespread interest in permanent gardening, and the demand for the many beautiful periodicals which are turning us as a people from the crudities of bedding-out plants, and the fleeting charms of annuals, to the sober trustworthiness of the hardy plants. Now, after a long silence, in which her experience has widened and deepened, Mrs. Ely offers us a beautiful and helpful guide-book to "The Practical Flower Garden" (Macmillan). There is less of repetition in these pages than one would have thought possible,—considering that, after all, the same good green things must be spoken

of, and that "since Adam delved and Eve span" no new way of confiding a root to the guardianship of Mother Earth has been discovered. With an enthusiasm which use has not made dull, Mrs. Ely gives careful directions for the preparation and renewal of soils, for the making of lawns, and for the building of terraces. In a chapter which it would be well to have printed at public expense and distributed far and wide as a hostage to the fortunes of the Republic, she explains the methods of rearing trees from seeds. In suggesting plans for color arrangement, she follows Miss Gertrude Jekyll,—a writer whom it would indeed be impossible to surpass in taste, in knowledge, or in charm. Perhaps the most interesting pages of Mrs. Ely's new book are those in which she describes the experiment made by one of her friends, who, on a many-acred plot, has chosen to bring together the flora of his own state, and who has gathered into his "Connecticut garden" only native plants. The idea is, happily, not new; but Mrs. Ely's sympathetic descriptions, aided by the many illustrative plates, furnish fresh hope that a type of garden alike suited to the owner of a great estate and to the mistress of a village back-yard may find many followers. To repeat the names of beautiful and available material for such planting, would be to reprint the index to Gray's "Manual"; while to possess them requires only a basket or two, a spade, a trowel which one need not be over-nice in using, a horse which does not mind long waits by the roadside, a wagon, and—above all—the seeing eye and the loving heart without which there is no true garden. No better way of teaching patriotism could be imagined than the planting of parks and school-yards with the trees and shrubs of their vicinage. Mrs. Ely's book is amply illustrated, both in black-and-white and in color.

*The adventures of
"Grizzly Adams"
in new form.*

A few older readers may recognize, "Grizzly Adams" with a little thrill, the title-lettering on a recently-published volume—"The Adventures of James Capen Adams, Mountaineer and Grizzly-Bear Hunter of California." And with the recognition will flash remembrances of a worn volume in some family library, with its picture of a bearded hunter wearing fringed trousers and a tasselled cap, under whose caressing hand stalks a vast grizzly bear; its stories of adventure with bears, panthers, wolves, elk, buffalo, and the notable jaguar on the wild Pacific Coast of the fifties. And many young readers—for, aside from its scientific interest, this is distinctly a boys' book—will make their first acquaintance in this new edition (Scribner) of a rare volume, with one of the most interesting records of hunting-life ever written in America. Adams—"Grizzly Adams" as Mr. Hornaday calls him, "the old hunter" as he calls himself—lived by his gun and bowie-knife in the Sierra Nevada, in Washington and Oregon, and in the Rockies. Indians were his companions and

helpers. He sought game when muzzle-loading rifles made it still adventurous to do so; he rode and tramped from end to end of a country whose geography was still vague. An irresistible love of the wilderness seems to have been his impelling motive; but a curious genius for the comprehension of animal psychology accounted for his success, and two generations later would probably have made a "camera hunter" of him. He killed animals for meat; he killed grizzlies because of the peril which, in the days of single-shot rifles, accompanied the attempt. But the capture of wild game was his purpose, and it is this that makes his book so interesting. He seems to have been the only man who has tamed the grizzly. "Lady Washington" he taught to carry game for him. "Ben Franklin," taken as a tiny cub in one of the most exciting exploits of the book, became his particular friend, saved his life in conflict with another grizzly, and came back to civilization with a horde of other animals which "the old hunter" exhibited in his declining years. The author of this volume, Mr. Theodore H. Hittell, saw these animals, and rode upon "Ben Franklin's" back. In San Francisco, in 1857-9, he took down from dictation the narrative of Adams, and published it substantially as it was told. It is a curious narrative, and almost unbelievably adventurous. However, Mr. Hittell believes it to be true; Mr. William H. Wright, the author of a recent book entitled "The Grizzly Bear," not only believes it, but ascribes to the chance reading of these remarkable stories his own career as a "camera-hunter," in which he has verified many of the statements of the earlier book. Furthermore, the scientific manuals on the grizzly bear are in substantial accord with the old hunter's observations,—indeed, they quote him as a source. So here is a hunter's book for boys and men with a scientific and historical value as great, though by no means so intense, as its interest. To be envied is the reader who for the first time follows the capture of the giant "Samson," or in that thrilling next-to-the-last chapter breathlessly awaits the issue of a vain attempt to take the mysterious and magnificent jaguar.

Summering in the Sierras.

Plain living and high thinking at lofty altitudes, with considerable hard bodily labor to give things a keen relish, are evidently what Mr. Stewart Edward White chooses for his summer-vacation programme; and he writes inspiringly and always entertainingly of his hot-weather occupations and recreations in "The Cabin" (Doubleday), illustrating the book with pictures from his own camera. High up in the Sierra Nevada range, the exact location undesignated, he and the companion of his joys and wholesome hardships build them a rude but weather-proof abode, being aided therein by a competent master of many trades, and there they luxuriate in the bliss of silvan solitude and the grandeurs of nature. Yet they do have occasional visitors, among whom "California

John" deserves foremost mention, and his shrewd philosophy merits more ample quotation than would here be in place. "Trouble is," remarks this sage, "when a man starts out to do a thing, he just nat'rally sees it all done before his eyes, and he strains himself day in and out till it is done. . . . A man don't want to give a cuss whether a thing gets *done* or not, but just whether he keeps workin' along at it. If he does that, it's *bound* to get done, and without worryin' him. And he ain't so plumb feverish all the time." Not unnaturally, Mr. White likes the mountain folk, few and far between though they are, or since they are. "They live a life that depends more than the common on its individual resource; and at the same time the better class of them possess a remarkably high standard of taste and education. Books, and good ones, are abundant. In addition are certain qualities of hospitality, the breadth of view incidental to the meeting of many types on a plane of equality and independence in the manner of thinking." One gets from the book a good idea of the courage and grit of the forest rangers, and also of the glaring inadequacy of the support rendered by the national government to these guardians of our silvan wealth. But the situation is now somewhat less deplorable than it once was. "The Cabin" (to sum up) pictures, in the form of personal experience, the same hearty and wholesome and pulse-quickening mountain life that has already been portrayed, under the guise of fiction, in "The Rules of the Game," by the same author.

A book of small English country houses.

In any revision of Charles Lamb's catalogue of *biblia a-biblia*, books which are no books, place should be found for what may be called the "every-man-his-own-architect" publications,—those pretentious portfolios of second-hand photographs and plans, chosen in most cases without the slightest architectural taste or judgment, accompanied by a thin sauce of perfunctory or misleading text. With this class of books Mr. Lawrence Weaver's "Small Country Houses of To-day" (imported by Scribner) has nothing in common. Unerring good taste in choice of examples, sound practical knowledge, acute æsthetic perceptions, and a literary skill seldom to be found in architectural writing, characterize this imposing quarto. Forty-six houses, designed by various English architects of established reputation, and representing a wide range of architectural treatment and adaptation to natural situations, are illustrated and described. The chief qualities of each house are explained and emphasized, and its relations, historic and social, with the houses of past days are noted. Definite details as to cost, wherever these were obtainable, also find place. A separate chapter discusses the problems connected with the repair and enlargement of old houses, this being followed by detailed accounts of six houses so treated. The editor notes that, after a century of struggling with vicious architectural in-

fluences, chiefly the lack of tradition, there may now be discerned a tendency toward a truce in the battle of the styles and a revival in form and spirit of the old basic traditions. But much yet remains to be done—chiefly in the way of familiarizing the public with correct architectural theory and practice. "Building needs, in fact, to be brought back into the normal current of intelligent thought, instead of being relegated to the limbo of technical mysteries." This end would be quickly accomplished if all our architectural writers were possessed of Mr. Weaver's skill in enlivening and vivifying, as well as illuminating, their subject. Some two hundred and fifty photographs depict the most interesting features, outside and in, of each house described, and measured floor plans also are given. As in all the English "Country Life" publications (of which this is one), the photographs are remarkably well reproduced and printed. Finally, it should be said that although this book is thoroughly English in its origin and treatment, it will on that account be found but little less serviceable and interesting to the American reader.

*A commonplace
tour in Italy.*

Anything more conventional than "The Ideal Italian Tour" described by Mr. Henry James Forman, it would be difficult to imagine. The writer lands at Naples, proceeds to "do" successively the cities of Rome, Florence, Pisa, Siena, Venice, Milan, Genoa, and the Lakes,—all in precisely the regular order and the regular way of all tourists. After apparently not a long stay abroad, he has gone home, gathered before him on his desk his Baedekers, maps, and local guidebooks, and proceeded to write about Italy in a manner that reminds one of the eighteenth century poet who was said to have written about Epping Forest "with his back to the window and never having seen the forest." Those charming and highly characteristic towns that even the hastiest tourist seldom omits—Assisi, Perugia, Orvieto, Spezia,—are not so much as mentioned; Italian life and temperament, where it remains untouched by commercial relations with strangers, receives almost no attention. Moreover, the illustrations are so small in size, so poorly selected, and so hackneyed from use in the cheapest series of post-cards, that they add nothing in the way of charm. For example, why should there be a picture of San Francesco at Assisi, since Assisi itself is not mentioned in the text; and, if a picture of it had to be used, why select one from its least attractive point of view? But obvious and superfluous as the book seems to those who really know and love Italy, perhaps there may be some who will like to carry it with them on their journey to read at night about what they have seen during the day. At least, the author says that he felt the need of such a book on his first Italian journey, and that therefore he has written it,—to "point to the salient and indispensable." It is undeniable that he has gathered together a considerable amount of useful

information about certain parts of Italy. But to call his tour the "ideal" one is far from justified. In typography, paper, and binding, the publishers (Houghton) have provided a setting worthy of a better text.

*A summer in
a sportsman's
paradise.*

"Vacation days! Oh, the lure of them, the delight of their anticipation, the joys of their realization, and the sweet sanctity of their memory!" Thus exclaims, in fondly retrospective mood, Mr. Kirkland B. Alexander, recalling the pleasures of a summer outing on the trout streams of Lake Superior. "The Log of the North Shore Club" (Putnam) is the diverting record of this fishing excursion in a comparatively unfrequented region, where the unsophisticated trout rise to the illusive fly with an avidity most gratifying to the person whipping those virgin waters. "Three trout on three flies are not infrequent in these far-away streams," writes the author. The prowess with rod and reel of the six vacationers, the accomplishments and the sayings of their guides, the astonishing feat performed by old Michael of making a water-tight birch bark pot and boiling a trout therein, the breathless shooting of dangerous rapids, and the trials and tribulations of the arduous portage—these and much else besides go to pack the pages of Mr. Alexander's little book brimful of good reading. Vivacity and humor mark his style, as a specimen of which we quote from an amusing account of the maiden attempt of a "Business Man" at trout-fishing: "He explained afterward that he thought it might be the safe and courteous course to permit the trout to swallow the fly right down to the tail, if he cared to, and then deftly pull the trout inside-out, thus saving much irksome culinary labor." Good pictures from photographs plentifully illustrate the book. It is a capital fishing yarn, and just the thing to read before planning a vacation in the wilderness.

*An eloquent
advocate of
country life.*

Those who know Professor L. H. Bailey only through his numerous technical books on farming and gardening and kindred subjects will do well to read his latest volume, "The Country Life Movement" (Macmillan), and, in conjunction with it, the new and revised edition of his "Outlook to Nature." Few of us have heretofore associated Professor Bailey's writings with any qualities of sentiment, except such as play a very subordinate part in his instructive works. But his two latest volumes give us a new opinion of the man. We see him here as a genuine lover of nature, and catch fleeting glimpses of the poet, of whose existence we had not dreamed. His ideas of nature-writing are thus suggested: "The real objection to much of nature-writing is the fact that it is unrepresentative of nature. It exploits the exceptional, and therefore does not give the reader a truthful picture of common and average conditions. Good nature-writing is that which portrays the commonplace so truthfully and so clearly

that the reader forthwith goes out to see for himself. Some day we shall care less for the marvellous beasts of a far-off country than for the mice and squirrels and birds of our own fields, and for the cattle on our hills." It is upon this conception that Professor Bailey has based these two very delightful books. He treats of the common things of life, and invests them with a charm that makes what he writes as entertaining as a romance to those who feel the impulses that turn us nature-ward. He sees things as they are, and he is able to make his readers see them also. He believes in the "back-to-nature" idea, and finds in it a corrective for many of the false notions that affect society to-day.

The story of the forests of England.

The devout spirit in which Mr. Houghton Townley views the majesty of the tall ancestral trees scattered o'er the pleasant land of England is indicated by the opening words of his "English Woodlands and Their Story" (Dutton). "He who stands beneath the mammoth Beeches of Burnham," he declares, "and feels that man, the pigmy parasite of an insignificant planet, is still the grandest work of God, must either be an egoist, bankrupt of humility and insensible to the imposing majesty of trees, or a person unimpressed by the bewildering, mind-staggering idea of Time." If bigness and age are marks of superiority in the scheme of things, man is indeed but a poor creature compared with a millennial beech or oak of England's splendid forests. Without arguing the point, we are content to enter into the spirit of Mr. Townley's handsome book in praise of his country's woodlands. In grouping his matter, he devotes, first of all, five chapters to the Burnham Beeches, then two to Sherwood Forest, three to the New Forest, three to Epping and the Forest of Essex, two to the Forest of Dean, one to Windsor Forest, one to Saverne and a few other forests, and a concluding chapter to woodland photography. Story, legend, and description are pleasantly intermingled in his pages, and an even hundred of excellent camera illustrations please the eye and emphasize the written words of the author. Views of fabulously old trees and also of some astonishingly grotesque malformations of aged trunks and branches form a feature of the book. The tree-lover who does not delight in Mr. Townley's volume must be difficult to please.

How to live in the country.

The name of E. P. Powell stands for very much the same thing to those who are interested in the country home and its development that the name of John Burroughs does to those who are interested in nature. In his latest volume, "How to Live in the Country" (Outing Co.), the pleasures of country life are depicted from the standpoint of long personal experience. Mr. Powell knows his subject thoroughly, and in treating it he blends the sentimental and the practical in a manner that makes his book very agreeable reading. Some of his advice

is so extremely prosaic that it would be difficult to swallow without the sugar coating of sentiment. But that makes it palatable, and when the taste of the coating is gone it is not a difficult matter to assimilate the advice he gives about many unromantic and practical things that have to do with country life. So attractive are many of his chapters that they beguile us into becoming converts to his theories, almost against our better judgment. He does this by interesting us in his philosophizing, and then, when he has us under the spell of his wise and witty sayings he springs upon us the subject that he has had in mind all the while; and we are sure to get some good out of it, even if we do not make a practical application of his advice. It is a good thing to know how the matters of which he treats can be done, even if we do not see fit to undertake the doing of them ourselves. The book is one to pick up and read at odd moments—one to open anywhere and become interested in at once. The city man or woman who has a love and a longing for nature will find Mr. Powell's volume almost as good as a visit to the country, for the winds of the hills and the meadows and the pastures blow through it and freshen every page.

A guide to the pine trees of California.

Intelligent summer visitors to California—may their number still increase—will find Mr. J. Smeaton Chase's "Cone-bearing Trees of the California Mountains" (McClurg) a most convenient and useful little book. It is intended to introduce the amateur tree-lover to some of the noblest trees in the world. Concise and non-technical descriptions of the various species are given, these descriptions having especial reference to the bark, the leaves, and the cones. There is a full-page plate, made from a photograph, showing each tree as it stands in its native surroundings, and a drawing in line shows the details of leaf and fruit. While the half-tone plates are not brilliant, they yet portray the habit of the tree; and the sketches in line are always helpful and generally accurate. It is to be regretted that the volume is not larger; we should prefer a longer list of these fascinating forms. Surely trees at lower altitudes in California are quite as certain to arouse the interest of the enthusiastic traveller; and we hope that, in some future revision of his little book, Mr. Chase will double the number of species dealt with, including all those named in the introduction to the present book, but not described in the text following. The volume is of pocket size, and bound in flexible covers.

A VOLUME of Recollections by Senator Shelby M. Cullom is announced for Autumn publication by Messrs. A. C. McClurg & Co. It will cover a period of seventy-five years, beginning with the author's boyhood in Kentucky and Illinois, his experience as a young lawyer, his first entrance into politics, and covering his political life of over half a century. The volume will be illustrated.

BRIEFER MENTION.

"The Poetical Works of Thomas Moore," edited by Mr. A. D. Godley, and Cary's Dante, with the Flaxman drawings, are two new volumes in the scholarly and inexpensive Oxford editions of the poets, published by Mr. Henry Frowde.

Professor Henry F. Osborn's address of last September on "Huxley and Education" is now published as a booklet by Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons. It is a compendium of good advice to young students, based upon the soundest of principles.

Baedeker's "Eastern Alps" is now, in its twelfth English (thirty-fourth German) edition, a bigger book than the "Switzerland," which illustrates rather strikingly the way in which tourists have been enlarging the area of their operations during recent years. Like all the other guide-books of this series it is imported by the Messrs. Scribner.

A volume of "Narratives of Early Carolina, 1650-1708," edited by Mr. Alexander S. Salley, Jr., for the "Original Narratives of Early American History," has been published by the Messrs. Scribner. It will be noted that the earliest narratives given considerably antedate the actual grant of the Carolinas by Charles II. We note that Defoe's brief for the dissenters, entitled "Party Tyranny," and published in 1705, is included among the contents, which are otherwise from the pens of actual observers.

A highly interesting collection of "English Melodies from the 13th to the 18th Century," numbering one hundred in all, has been made, and edited with an introduction and historical notes, by Mr. Vincent Jackson. "Sumer is iumen in" appropriately opens the collection, and "God Save the King" as appropriately closes it. Byrd, Campion, Lawes, Purcell, Dibdin, and Arne are represented by several numbers each, which will give some indication of the richness of the volume. It is a beautifully printed work, and is published by Messrs. E. P. Dutton & Co.

Some eight hundred pages of verse, a moderate fraction of which proves to be poetry, is offered in the two volumes of Miss Nellie Urner Wallington's "American History by American Poets" (Duffield). The collection runs the whole chronological gamut, from the mound builders to the war with Spain, and may be recommended for collateral reading by students of our history in its more prosaic forms of narration. Unfortunately, such a work as this must devote an undue share of its contents to poems about fighting, and this emphasizes an aspect of history which should be kept as far as possible in the background. These volumes are supplied with historical notes, which most readers will need for many of the pieces.

Awakened interest in natural history, and particularly in the life of animals of the wild, has called forth a varied assortment of books of general and of semi-technical nature in this field. Mr. Ernest Protheroe's "New Illustrated Natural History of the World" (Dutton) embodies all the non-technical information about animal life (exclusive of man's) that the average person is looking for. The arrangement is according to zoological classification, with short descriptions of the characteristics of each species, its life history, geographical distribution, mode of life, etc.; and bringing out, whenever space permits, the points of resemblance and of difference between it and other species of

the same class, order, or family. The text is elucidated with nearly three hundred photographic illustrations, made directly from life. There are also twenty-four full-page plates in color.

"Three Lays of Marie de France" are retold in English verse by Mr. Frederick Bliss Luquiens. The octosyllabic measures of the original have become blank verse in the translation, a change natural enough when we remember how closely we associate the "matière de Bretagne" with the Tennysonian idyls. "Sir Launfal," "The Maiden of the Ash," and "The Lovers Twain" are the three poems which, with introduction and bibliography, make up the contents of this acceptable little volume. The book is published by Messrs. Henry Holt & Co.

In "How to Visit the Great Picture Galleries" by Esther Singleton (Dodd), the tourist is taken through twenty-one of the principal European galleries, and his attention called to the most notable pictures in each. And, inasmuch as the average tourist often will be puzzled to understand the reasons for the selection of these special canvases rather than others that seem to him equally good, brief citations concerning them are given from art-historians and critics of authority. There are ninety-six full-page half-tone illustrations, and good indexes both to paintings and painters. Considering that the book contains less than five hundred pages, probably the work it undertakes to do could hardly be done better than it has been done here.

An elementary manual, designed to give to lovers of nature simple and concise descriptions of our best-known trees, and one that has served its purpose for a decade or more, is Mr. F. Schuyler Matthews's "Familiar Trees and their Leaves" (Appleton). A new edition, with revisions embodying recent changes in botanical nomenclature and classification, and with some supplementary material, brings the work up to date. To the nearly two hundred detail drawings of leaf-forms by the author have now been added twenty studies illustrating the new species in the supplement; and new full-page colored sketches (a dozen in all) of growing trees, each showing some particular tree in its natural habitat, enhance the attractiveness and value of the volume.

As a daughter of the late Richard A. Proctor, it is but natural that the author of "Half Hours with the Summer Stars" (McClurg) should be an enthusiastic student of the heavens. Naturally, also, she has had many opportunities for observing the stars not available to the ordinary amateur. Among such advantages were two visits, of a month or two each, to the Yerkes Observatory, with the use of the smaller telescopes and an occasional glimpse through the mighty forty-inch refractor. The direct result of these visits was a series of popular articles on the stars contributed last August to the Chicago "Tribune," and now republished (without change or revision) in book form. In thirty-four informal chapters, Miss Proctor gives the most interesting known facts about the chief splendors of the sky, with something of their mythology and folk-lore, and including also brief discussions of such subjects as "The Moon and the Weather," "Did Life First Come to the Earth in a Meteor?" etc. In their original form, as newspaper articles, these chapters must have turned many people for the first time to the endlessly fascinating recreation of star-gazing; and their present more permanent issue should still further promote that most desirable end.

NOTES.

"Art in France," by M. Louis Hourticq, Director of Fine Arts in the City of Paris, is announced as a forthcoming novel in Messrs. Scribner's "Ars Una" series.

"Rebellion," the new drama by Mr. Joseph Medill Patterson, which has recently been given a successful first production by Miss Gertrude Elliott, will be published in book form early in the Fall by Messrs. Reilly & Britton Co.

An English translation of Dr. Rudolph Steiner's "Mystics of the Renaissance" will soon be issued by the Messrs. Putnam. This firm also announces a translation, by Miss M. E. Wood, of Federico Garlanda's "The New Italy," a criticism of present-day political and social conditions in Italy.

Mr. Henry A. Franck, the author of "A Vagabond Journey Around the World," is about to start upon another penniless tour—this time through Central and South America. Mr. Franck is said to be now preparing for Fall publication an account of his recent travels through the less frequented regions of Spain.

Four books of fiction announced for early Autumn issue by Messrs. T. Y. Crowell & Co., are the following: "A Watcher of the Skies," by Mr. Gustave F. Mertins; "Ranier of the Last Frontier," a story of the Philippines, by Mr. John Marvin Dean; "On the Iron at Big Cloud," a railroad story of the West, by Mr. Frank L. Packard; and "Monna Lisa: The Quest of the Woman Soul," an imaginary journal kept by Leonardo da Vinci.

"World Organization as Affected by the Nature of the Modern State" is the title of a work by Dr. David Jayne Hill, soon to be published by the Columbia University Press. Three other important announcements of this Press are as follows: "The Business of Congress," by Hon. Samuel W. McCall; "Social Evolution and Political Theory," by Dr. Leonard T. Hobhouse; and a pamphlet on "Education and Preventive Medicine," by Dr. Norman E. Ditman.

Now that the "Edinburgh" edition of Stevenson has become almost unobtainable, and the "Pentland" edition is out of print and fast disappearing from the market, the time seems ripe for still another edition of the same sort. Such an edition is being planned, for publication next Autumn, by collaboration among the several English publishers who own the Stevenson copyrights. It will comprise twenty-five volumes, and will be designated the "Swanston" edition, after the name of Stevenson's one-time home in the Pentland hills near Edinburgh.

Miss Harriet Waters Preston, story-writer, translator, and critic, one of the early contributors to "The Atlantic Monthly," and a writer who adorned whatever she touched, died at Cambridge, Mass., May 14, at the age of sixty-seven. Her studies in Provençal literature and her translations from Mistral and also from Virgil and Alfred de Musset were among her more scholarly labors. In the number of her many warm friends was her contemporary woman-of-letters, with whom she has sometimes been confused, Mrs. Harriet Prescott Spofford. She was expecting soon to return to her home in Keene, N. H., when death overtook her at Cambridge, where she was visiting.

"The Concise Oxford Dictionary of Current English," adapted by Messrs. H. W. Fowler and F. G. Fowler from "The Oxford English Dictionary," is soon to be

issued by the Oxford University Press. The editors have given a large amount of space to common words, making copious use of illustrative sentences; all uncommon words have been treated as briefly as possible, and the severest economy of expression has been practised. Colloquial, facetious, slang, and vulgar expressions have been admitted with freedom. The spelling adopted is for the most part, but not invariably, that of "The Oxford English Dictionary;" and the pronunciation and the etymology of words are indicated.

Through the generosity of Mr. Charles Scribner, of the Princeton class of '75, a large printing establishment has been acquired by the Princeton University Press. The Press, which has been an establishment primarily for the purpose of doing the printing of the university, is owned by a stock corporation made up of friends of the university, one of whom is Mr. Scribner. The reincorporation of the Press has been brought about by Mr. Scribner, who also furnished the money for the equipment of a plant. The publications of the faculty and alumni of Princeton will be printed at the Press, as well as the daily paper and the monthly literary magazine, managed by the undergraduates.

TOPICS IN LEADING PERIODICALS.

June 1911.

Agricultural Statesman, An. W. Buttrick. *Rev. of Revs.*
 America Revisited. William Morton Fullerton. *Scribner.*
 American Embassy, The, in Berlin. *Review of Reviews.*
 Angellier, Auguste. Marie Perrin. *Scribner.*
 Animals, Wild, Critical Moments with—II. E. Velvin. *McClure.*
 Arbitration and Commonsense. Charles Vale. *Forum.*
 "Ballad of Reading Gaol." Richard B. Glaesner. *Bookman.*
 Balzac, An Unknown Story by. A. Schinz. *Bookman.*
 Battleship "Maine," Destruction of. G. W. Melville. *No. Amer.*
 Boys, Our, What is Wrong with. William T. Miller. *Atlantic.*
 Business, The Moral Question—I. G. W. Perkins. *World's Work.*
 Canada's Tariff Policy. Albert J. Beveridge. *Rev. of Revs.*
 Child Welfare Exhibit, The. E. A. Halsey. *World To-day.*
 China, Young, at School. Edward Alsworth Ross. *Everybody's.*
 Chinese Currency, The New. Ching-Chun Wang. *No. Amer.*
 Cities, The Awakening of the—I. Henry Oyen. *World's Work.*
 College, Small, Opportunity of the. E. P. Prentice. *Harper.*
 Copyright, International. Brander Mathews. *Rev. of Revs.*
 Coronation, Our Representative at the. *Review of Reviews.*
 Courts, Criminal, Absurdities of. H. B. Fuller. *World's Work.*
 Denmark's Prosperity. Booker T. Washington. *World's Work.*
 Desert, Arizona, The. Ellsworth Huntington. *Harper.*
 Diaz and his Peons. John A. Avrette. *Everybody's.*
 Drama, The New, in England. Archibald Henderson. *Forum.*
 English Children, The Training of. Lady St. Hellier. *Century.*
 English Lady in Political Life, The. E. Porritt. *No. Amer.*
 English Statesmen, Some. Sydney Brooks. *McClure.*
 Farmer, The, a Mechanic. F. G. Moorhead. *World To-day.*
 Fiction, Japanese. Sadakichi Hartmann. *Forum.*
 Garden, The Order of the. Elizabeth Coolidge. *Atlantic.*
 Gardens of Louis XIV., The. Louise Gignoux. *Scribner.*
 Germany, In, without German. Louise Gignoux. *Harper.*
 Girl Graduate, What to do with the. F. E. Leupp. *Atlantic.*
 Girl, The, of Tomorrow. Benjamin B. Andrews. *World's Work.*
 Government, The, and Business Methods.—III. *World's Work.*
 Great Britain, Commercial Strength of. J. D. Whelpley. *Century.*
 Harmon, Judson, and the Presidency. W. B. Hale. *World's Work.*
 Healthful Exercise, Requirements of. L. H. Gulick. *Lippincott.*
 Hispanic Museum, N. Y., Art in the. R. Cortissoos. *Scribner.*
 Hospital Social Service. Robert W. Brubaker. *Harper.*
 Ideas in the Air. F. M. Colby. *Bookman.*
 Insurgent, A Practical. W. E. Williams. *World To-day.*
 Kenyon, William B. F. W. Beckman. *World To-day.*
 Lee and Jackson. Gamaliel Bradford, Jr. *Atlantic.*
 Libraries of the Transatlantic Liners. C. Winter. *Bookman.*
 Libraries, Three New York. Richard Garnett. *No. Amer.*
 Lorimer Case, The. James H. Blount. *North American.*
 Luther, Martin, and his Work.—VII. A. C. McGiffert. *Century.*
 Mexico in Revolution. Frederick Starr. *World To-day.*
 Mexico, The Rurales of. Edwin Emerson. *Century.*
 Minister, The Country. Charles M. Harger. *Atlantic.*

Morgan, J. P. *The Rise of J. Moody and G. K. Turner.* McClure. Motoring on the Santa Fe Trail. H. C. Drum. *World To-day.* Mystic, A Joyous. Louise C. Willcox. *North American.* Narrative and the Fairy Tales.—I. Brian Hooker. *Bookman.* New Statism. The. John M. Mathews. *North American.* "Olympic." The Coming of the. F. A. Talbot. *World's Work.* Oxford, Flavor of Life at. Tertius Van Dyke. *Century.* Panama Canal, Practical Side of. F. L. Nelson. *World To-day.* Panama Canal, The, and Sea Power in the Pacific. *Century.* Peace, Anglo-American. James Cardinal Gibbons. *Century.* Pegasus, The Pedigree of. Frederick M. Padelford. *Atlantic.* Plague in Manchuria. Kiyoshi K. Kawakami. *World To-day.* Post Makers of the New Italy. Mary W. Arms. *Forum.* Political Innovations. Robert W. Bonyne. *Forum.* Portrait, The Family, Incubus. Helen Nicolay. *Atlantic.* Post-Office Clerk, Experiences of a. Charles W. Elliot. *McClure.* Powers of the Pacific, The. Archibald R. Colquhoun. *No. Amer.* Public Library, The New York. M. J. Moses. *Rev. of Revs.* Queue, Abolition of the. Ching-Chun Wang. *Atlantic.* Railway Barrel, Open Bungalow in the. *Everybody's.* Regiment, The Making of a. Frederick Funston. *Scribner.* Roadmaking, Scenic, in Colorado. F. L. Clark. *World To-day.* Rose, Perfect, Quest of the. Franklin Clarkin. *Everybody's.* Roadside a Plagiarist? Wyllys Rede. *World To-day.* Secret Service, Strange Stories of the. *Bookman.* Soldier, the Volunteer, of 1861. Gen. Charles King. *Rev. of Revs.* Sugar-Cane Mill, A South African. Mark F. Wilcox. *Atlantic.* Technical School, The Carnegie. Martha L. Root. *World To-day.* Thackeray Manuscript, A New. *Harper.* Treaties and Armaments, Relation of. W. H. Carter. *No. Amer.* Tunbridge Wells, Some Last Drops in. W. D. Howells. *No. Amer.* Undergraduate Scholarship. William J. Tucker. *Atlantic.* Unorganized County, The Decline of an. *World's Work.* Van Lew, Miss. William Gilmore Beyer. *Harper.* War against War, The. Havelock Ellis. *Atlantic.* War, if the United States Should Go to. J. Bigelow, Jr. *Atlantic.* Willette, The Art of. Gardner Teall. *Bookman.* Wit and Humor in Congress. Herbert Bruce. *McClure.* Women of the Caesars, The—L. Gargilemo Ferrero. *Century.*

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

[The following list, containing 116 titles, includes books received by THE DIAL since its last issue.]

BIOGRAPHY.

The Life of Harriet Beecher Stowe. A Centennial Volume. By Charles Edward Stowe and Lyman Beecher Stowe. Illustrated in photogravure, etc., 12mo., 313 pages. Houghton Mifflin Co. \$1.50 net.
Adam Mickiewicz: The National Poet of Poland. By Monica M. Gardner. With portrait, 8vo, 317 pages. E. P. Dutton & Co. \$3.50 net.
The Speakers of the House of Commons. By Arthur Irwin Dasent. Illustrated in photogravure, etc., 8vo, 465 pages. John Lane Co. \$6.50 net.
Notes from the Life of an Ordinary Mortal. Being a Record of Things Done, Seen and Heard at School, College, and in the World During the Latter Half of the 19th Century. By A. G. C. Liddell, C. B. With portrait, 8vo, 370 pages. E. P. Dutton & Co. \$3.50 net.
Talleyrand the Man. By Bernard de Lacombe; translated from the French by A. d'Alberty. Illustrated, 8vo, 412 pages. Dana Estes & Co. \$3.50 net.

HISTORY.

The Republican Tradition in Europe. By Herbert A. L. Fisher. 8vo, 363 pages. "The Lowell Lectures for 1910." G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$2.50 net.
An Introductory History of England. By C. R. L. Fletcher. In 2 volumes, with maps, 8vo. E. P. Dutton & Co. \$3.50 net.
In the Time of the Pharaohs. By Alexander Moret; translated from the French by Mme. Moret. Illustrated, 12mo, 310 pages. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$3 net.

GENERAL LITERATURE.

The Religion of Beauty in Woman, and Other Essays on Platonic Love in Poetry and Society. By Jefferson Butler Fletcher. 12mo, 295 pages. Macmillan Co. \$1.25 net.
A Study of Verification. By Brander Matthews. 12mo, 275 pages. Houghton Mifflin Co. \$1.25.

Letters That Live. Selected and edited by Laura E. Lockwood and Amy R. Kelly. With decorated end leaves, 16mo, 253 pages. Henry Holt & Co. Cloth, \$1.50 net; leather, \$2.50 net.

Prejudices. By Charles Maccomb Flandrau. 12mo, 265 pages. D. Appleton & Co. \$1.25 net.

History of American Literature. By Reuben Post Hall- 12mo, 432 pages. American Book Co. \$1.25.

Learning and Other Essays. By John Jay Chapman. 12mo, 242 pages. Moffat, Yard & Co. \$1.25 net.

The Wisdom of Dickens. Collected and arranged from his writings and letters by Temple Scott. With frontispiece, 16mo, 158 pages. Mitchell Kennerley. \$1. net.

NEW EDITIONS OF STANDARD LITERATURE.

Biographia Epistolaria. Being the Biographical Supplement of Coleridge's Biographia Literaria with additional letters, etc. Edited by A. Turnbull. In two volumes, 12mo. Macmillan Co. Each \$1. net.

Miscellaneous Studies. A Series of Essays. By Walter Pater. 8vo, 254 pages. Library Edition. Macmillan Co. \$2. net.

The Works of Thomas Hardy. Thin paper edition. New volume: The Trumpet Major. With frontispiece, 16mo. Harper & Brothers. \$1.25 net.

DRAMA AND VERSE.

A Book of Cambridge Verse. Edited by E. E. Kellett. With photogravure frontispiece, 8vo, 438 pages. Cambridge University Press. \$2. net.

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